THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A REFUSAL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

You say that you love me, Ronald, Ronald?
Don't talk of that! Just hear the birds singing,
Breathe this May air like a wine fine and rare,
Watch the young leaves, and see the grass springing.
Look at those hills, ah! the far purple hills!
How the white clouds for crowning them gather,
They sweep from one's thoughts all Life's petty ills,—
Let hearts go by,—I choose the hills rather!

Still you look thus at me, Ronald, Ronald?
Still you will tell me you choose only me?
Go, find some other, sweeter and fairer,
I care not for love, oh, let me be free!
Plucking green vine leaves to wreathe in my hair,
On the low boughs of hemlock trees swinging,
Roaming the woodlands and calling the deer,
Dreaming that fays flit by lightly springing!

You shall not care for me, Ronald, Ronald,
Leave me and go to your great world of men!
I will stay here under skies blue and clear,
Roaming the hill-side, and haunting the glen.
Once was a maid denied every lover,
Telling them she was betrothed to the sun,—
I'll try to live her sweet lone life over
With lofty free thoughts, and heart bound to none.

Still you ask love of me, Ronald, Ronald?
Hearts put on masks, and love is uncertain,
Priceless it seems, vaguely sweet in my dreams,
Is it the same when years lift the curtain?
Let it in dreams still over me hover,
Bring me no closer its sweetness to prove,
For tears outweigh smiles the whole world over,
I dream, ah! I dream! but I dare not love!

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &c.

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CHAPTER X.

The arrival of the young Spaniard at the principal hotel in Valparaiso was certainly not a surprising incident, and, except that he was unusually handsome, and but for the saving moustache, would have been effeminate, there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, consequently Mr. Ildreth was a little provoked with himself to find that he was entertaining a very unaccustomed curiosity concerning the stranger, and a strong inclination to seek him out and make his acquaintance.

So strong, indeed, was this feeling, that but for the impoliteness of leaving his companion alone, he would have gone down to the reception-room, and, circumstances favoring, made some very Yankee-like advances for one of his cosmopolitan tastes. As if the fates were in league to favor the development of such a national characteristic, Gertrude presently excused herself, and withdrew, perhaps with a delicate intention of relieving her attendant from what might be the task of entertaining her at a moment when his heart was shadowed by the intelligence of a great and unexpected sorrow.

Wayne was not at all predisposed at that moment to analyze his own thoughts, nevertheless it occurred to him in a vague way, that Gertrude's departure removed an irksome restraint, and that it was singular that the deep, genuine sorrow he had experienced on first learning of his cousin's death had made but a very superficial impression upon his mind, and was already passing away, as would the feeling of annoyance over some trivial accident easily remedied.

"I must be a heartless, insensible wretch, to be so lightly affected by such tidings," was his thought as he left the balcony and passed down toward the hall; "but I was sincerely attached to her, and she loved me with a devotion of which I begin to think I was altogether unworthy."

The stranger was not in the hall, and Ildreth passed on to the reception-room, where he found him, indolently extended on a couple of chairs, smoking a *cigarita*, and glancing over a number of the Panama Star.

There is a proverbial haughty reserve about the old Castilian race, that renders them somewhat difficult of approach to strangers, and Wayne might have found any farther advances rather awkward; but as he entered, the youth looked up from his paper, glanced at him keenly, but not rudely, for an instant, and then came forward to meet him.

"*Dispensame*," he began with a bow ceremonious enough for the court of Madrid, but devoid of superciliousness nevertheless; "*habla V. Espagnol?*"

"*Yo hablo bastante para hacerme entender.*"

"You are too modest," he continued, still in his own language. "You speak with great fluency, and your accent is admirable. May I inquire if you are the commander of the American vessel that arrived this afternoon?"

"In one sense I am; in another I am only a passenger; or to make myself more intelligible, the vessel is quite at my own disposal, and sails to suit my convenience, but I am no seaman practically, and her crew are under the immediate command of another."

"Ah! I understand, and you are fortunate in being able to travel in such an independent way. Do you voyage for pleasure, if the question is not impertinent?"

"Not precisely, though I cannot give a very satisfactory reason for my wanderings, perhaps, to one who sets a high value upon time and money."

"Time was made for slaves, and money to buy their master's pleasure with," continued the stranger gayly—"a truth which you seem to have discovered, but you have such a magnificent way of taking your ease, that it half frightens me out of naming the favor I had intended asking when I took the liberty of addressing you."

"I beg you to believe it will afford me pleasure to serve you in any way," Wayne said, and he spoke sincerely.

"A thousand thanks. Well, the truth is, I want passage for myself and a favorite *macho*, to the States, or, to be more definite, to New York."

"I should be glad of such an addition to my company, but I see you take it for granted that I sail next for home. This is not the case. I set out from here on a very indefinite cruise to the South Pacific, and besides, unless you could share a not particularly spacious state-room with me, or occupy a hammock in the general cabin at night, I am afraid I could give you no accommodations, to say nothing of your four-footed friend."

A blush swept over the stranger's face, and for a moment he seemed disconcerted, but he presently proceeded with the same dashing frankness:

"I confess I supposed your next cruise would be homeward; nevertheless, that is a matter of minor importance—indeed, I should amazingly like a tour of the South Seas, and would care for no better sleeping quarters than the hammock you spoke of would afford."

"You have acquired one important lesson for a tourist—that of accommodating yourself to circumstances; but pardon me, senor, I would by no means wish to intimate that you are acting from one of those sudden impulses to which young gentlemen sometimes yield, and regret when too late—but the journey you propose taking is one of considerable length, and your friends might—"

"Ah! I see how it is," said the stranger, interrupting him with a light laugh, that was not without a shade of uneasiness, however. "My looks betray my youth, and you divine that I have run away from my lawful guardians. I confess it, and throw myself on your generosity, but it is not father or mother I have eluded; these I have not—but a villainous old uncle, who would marry me to his daughter, who has no dowry, but the ugliest of faces, and the worst disposition that ever made a woman horrible. This is not all either. About a year ago, one of your countrymen, returning from California, stopped for a few weeks in our Santiago City. He had a daughter—the sweetest, most bewitching—but ah me! I have no words that will describe her. We met at first by chance, then by design—for we loved each other as only children, light-hearted and care free as we were, could; and ere she went away we had plighted our faith—but this uncle, who only cares to secure for his child the fortune I inherit, discovered my attachment from a letter he had the audacity to intercept and open; and now, after trying all other means to induce me to wed my cousin, he has entered a complaint charging *me* with a grave political offence, in order to prevent me from leaving the country. I heard of it just in time to secure the requisite means for my journey, and ride away at dead of night. Now you have my story."

"Decidedly romantic," Wayne said, highly amused with this odd compound of youthful precocity, "but how have you arranged the *denouement*? Is it your intention on reaching New York to make a Gretna Green affair of it?"

"Oh! no, not unless her father should withhold his consent to our immediate union. If he should do that, what other course would there be left me? Being her father I could not settle any difficulty we might have by the *duello*."

"No, I can see there would be an objection to that. In fact, public opinion is rather against duelling in New York, but I cannot think the old gentleman will prove obdurate. If he hesitated a moment to give you his daughter and his blessing he would show himself more wanting in common sense than would be at all creditable to a citizen of our world-wise metropolis."

"Do you really think so, senor?"

"Undoubtedly, but is it indispensable that your *macho* should go also?"

"Yes, indeed. He is about all the fortune I have left now, and I think a deal of him, besides he was a great favorite with Eloisa. She would be inconsolable if I left him behind. You have determined to aid me, have you not?"

"Nothing would give me greater satisfaction, but I must mention the matter to Captain Gale, and you shall know his answer to-morrow. May I ask your name?"

"Certainly, I am called Jose Maria St. Anna."

"Thank you. My name is Ildreth."

"I am glad we met, Mr. Ildreth. I shall see you again to-morrow—but to-day I have ridden far and am weary, and must look out for a hammock, *Adios*."

Wayne accompanied his new acquaintance to the door, where they encountered Mr. Fay and Captain Gale just returning from the consulate. Both gentlemen scanned the young Spaniard rather more closely than was exactly consistent with etiquette, but he took no notice of it, and springing lightly up the stairs disappeared.

"Who is your friend?" Ralph said, looking after him with more interest than he commonly chose to evince in strangers. "He is a good looking youngster. Where did you pick him up?"

Wayne gave the desired information, relating as briefly as possible the substance of his late interview.

"Devilish queer for a fellow of his years to set off on such a cruise all by himself, but by Jove! I like his spirit, and I am in favor of patronizing this young Don Juan, but it is strange he don't steam through by way of Panama, if he is so anxious to see his sweetheart again, or is he ignorant of our future movements?"

"He understands all about that, but I am inclined to think he takes his chances with us from financial reasons, at least he intimated that his available funds were not inexhaustible."

"That is quite probable, though I should not be surprised if he turned out something more, or at least different from what he appears. He may have been mixed up in some political row, though he looks too young for that sort of thing, but these tropical people take to some kind of intrigue as soon as they are fairly weaned, and I am sure I don't wonder that they do here in South America, where the government changes on an average three times a year."

"I was half inclined to take a similar view of the matter, and indeed he admitted that he had been accused though unjustly of something of the sort. Does he remind you of any one you have ever seen?"

"Not that I'm aware of. His face has rather a familiar expression, too. An accidental resemblance no doubt to some one I have known. What acquaintance of yours does he recall?"

"I don't know, but he reminds me of some one, and that strongly."

"And oddly enough he does me also," Mr. Fay said reflectively. "I have been studying over it *ever* since I came in. I'm going to get another look at him if possible."

"You will both have ample opportunity to solve any mystery concerning him if he is to sail with us, but while I think of it, Wayne, did you notice that account in the New York papers of Eve's death? There is no truth in it, of course. It is the handiwork of some enterprising reporter, I dare say in want of something in the sensation line."

Wayne colored violently, so fleeting was the impression that poor Eve's death had made on his mind, that the memory of it had been momentarily merged in the interest he had suddenly conceived for an entire stranger.

"The account to which you refer is only too true," Wayne said, in a low agitated voice, "Wreathe writes me that Eve is dead, and probably by her own hand."

For a moment Ralph looked bewildered, and to do him justice pained and shocked.

"You are curiously dilatory in communicating intelligence in which I may be supposed to have some slight interest," he said, after a brief silence and with a hardly perceptible gleam of triumph on his handsome face.

"I was, inexcusably so," Wayne answered, feeling that there really was nothing he could say in self-extenuation.

"You are right, it was inexcusable, but I can overlook that, if you will explain to me, *why* my sister should destroy her own life, unless she had suffered irreparable injury."

"Your words and manner are offensive," Wayne said haughtily. "If your language has any meaning it embodies such a charge as you cannot fail to be aware one gentleman never receives from another quietly."

"I cannot be held accountable for the construction you may be pleased to place upon my words; but you are a man of the world, and it is not necessary for me to tell you that the suicide of a young girl who is under your guardianship, and well known to be more warmly attached to you than to any other human being, will occasion strange surmises. People will not believe that Eve Isle killed herself without a cause; and if you have no suspicion of what that cause was, it will be thought and very likely remarked that you were unfaithful to your trust."

"Captain Gale, men do not usually insult me with impunity, and under ordinary circumstances you may be sure I would not have borne such language from you. I hope you really feel the sorrow that you profess for the death of your sister—but you compel me to remind you that your interest in her comes late. When you come to your senses, if you ever do, we will speak farther on this matter. For the present I wish you good-evening."

CHAPTER XI.

In no enviable frame of mind, Wayne Ildreth passed out into the street. He was angry with himself and indignant towards Ralph, whose words had awakened a train of by no means pleasing reflections. It required no cool, calm scrutiny to show him that the circumstances of Eve's death were such as to justify to some extent painful conjectures, seriously implicating his honor—and who does not know that such surmises take root and bear fruit in soil where any other vegetation would wither for want of nourishment.

It made him heartsick to think of it—desolate, to feel that her place was really vacant, and that the mystical spiritual espionage he had become half inclined to believe she was keeping over him in his wanderings had ceased forever.

So thinking and with a sad heart he wandered on, paying very little heed as to where he was going until he passed the outskirts of the town, and saw before him a large rambling ruin, of what had once been a church or monastery. The low tower was still standing and but partially ruined, over-grown with climbing plants that draped it from base to pinnacle, but the walls with wide gaps in them, were rapidly crumbling away, and the interior was one confused heap of rubbish upon which the moonlight cast its silvery shimmer illuminating into almost noon-day radiance, curious nooks and corners, and leaving others in shadowed ghastly obscurity.

He sat down on the broken threshold of the main entrance, through which pious feet had been wont to pass towards the now ruined altar, where waxen tapers no longer burned, or priest officiated, and over which the smoke of burning incense no longer floated.

There was a strange feeling of spiritual exaltation stealing over him, such as melancholy often brings, and he was soon lost in a maze of vague reminiscences, through all of which the face of his cousin floated like a drifting cloud.

Suddenly there grew into his soul a consciousness that his mind was passing from under his own control, and yielding to some mystical influence that he did not even try to understand. He had a faintly defined feeling that by an effort of volition he might throw off the spell, and emerge from the strange somnambule like reverie into which he had fallen, but he did not care to make the exertion, and dreamily conscious that his spiritual and mental part had become like the waters of a deep still pool, not stagnant but with no flow, and ready to send out the circling ripples to their utmost circumference should they be disturbed by the smallest pebble dropped into their shining depths, he yielded to the nameless fascination.

At first the mystical influence took no definite form, and made no consecutive continuous impression. He seemed to be dreaming though awake, and the vision was fragmentary and disjointed. But presently came the inborn consciousness, distinct and vivid that he was not alone, that another presence was there with him.

He looked around, like one who rouses reluctantly from natural sleep expecting in an irresolute way to see some tangible shape in human form, but nothing met his gaze, save the features of the landscape spread out before him, and the chaos of broken stones and mortar by which he was surrounded. No—there was absolutely nothing; but the next instant a misty something appeared over against the wall of the ruined tower, that gradually assumed form until he saw the figure of Eve Isle.

Wayne started with an exclamation of terror and the vision vanished.

"My God! What is this?" Wayne said, gazing around him in utter bewilderment. "I was not dreaming—I am no credulous dupe. I really saw this form of vapor in the likeness of my dead cousin."

"You have not been startled by a ghost, I hope," said a voice near him, which he recognized as Mr. Fay's, "I beg pardon for disturbing you, and unintentionally listening to your soliloquy, which has excited my curiosity, I must confess."

"I am glad you are here. I was never more thoroughly delighted at having some one to talk to, for I have been sorely puzzled. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Bless my soul, Ildreth, one would think you were in earnest, from your manner—or did you indulge in champagne a little too freely at dinner?"

"I am in earnest, and am not laboring under cerebral excitement—and I ask again, do you believe in ghosts?"

"If you ask the question seriously, I most certainly do not—that is in the vulgar superstition which is thus designated, but I am by no means prepared to deny that under certain circumstances or influences persons may not have an inner or spiritual vision of what is impalpable to the physical sense of sight.

"There are a thousand well authenticated instances of what are variously termed premonitions, optical illusions, phantasmagoria, and mental hallucinations, which must be accounted for in a rational manner, or reasoning men who believe that an effect is preceded by a cause are not satisfied."

"That is very easily understood. Now what are those circumstances and influences under which one could be expected to exercise this inner vision as you term it?"

"My dear Ildreth, what in the world has set you off on such speculations?"

"No matter, they are not new to me, and just now I am anxious to have the explanation I asked. It may help me to solve a puzzling problem."

"Well, since you are so absurdly in earnest, I can give you some of my own theories on the subject, such as they are. I assume in the first place that this inner vision is predicated on the fact that the soul is a direct emanation from Deity. We *know* that it possesses God's Immortality, for the nation has never yet been found so sunk in barbarism that did not have some notion of a spiritual part mysteriously connected with the finite being that would live on in another state of existence, after the body was dead. The innateness and universality of this conviction is a guaranty of its truth. All animate creation are endowed with certain instincts that never deceive them, and this is one of them, and one that man does not hold in common with the brute creation. If we give to the soul God immortality, I cannot see why we should deny to it His Omnipresence or a ubiquity almost perfect."

"This is a new and in some respects a startling theory to me, but I do not yet see its application to our subject."

"I suppose not, for you interrupted me before I had made my application. I must remind you also in the onset, that one serious difficulty exists to giving anything like a clear exposition of these mysteries. The world has but lately turned its attention to them, and as yet our vernacular lacks words to express what men have only just begun to comprehend vaguely. Now I can conceive, that certain peculiar organizations may possess the ability to an extent which it would be presumption to attempt to define accurately, to send the soul away and place it in communion with some other, or in other words that its ubiquity is partially subject to the will, if one has the faculty of properly exercising it. There is an old saying that mind acts upon mind. It would be more truthful to say that soul acts upon soul, or soul upon mind, as it often does without the medium of speech. It has a silent language of its own. Suppose for instance, I possess the faculty of dispatching my spiritual part on a pilgrimage to a distant friend. His mind may chance to be in an unwontedly passive state—perhaps in that of natural sleep—at all events his will is manifestly not exercised in antagonism to mine, and his mind is consequently susceptible of the slightest impression, and my thoughts, feelings, and emotions may become momentarily his. It follows, that if asleep, he dreams of me—if awake he no less dreams, but regards it as the mere ebb and flow of a wave of memory, which has left exposed a bit of rock on the mind's strand, where years ago perhaps I wrote my name."

"I understand, and you have helped me to an approximate solution of the problem of which I spoke, but what kind of a science, if science it may be called, is this of which you hint? If I gather your meaning the faculty *may* exist in man to raise himself almost to a level with Deity. If the soul can be sent by an exercise of volition, to hold communion with a fellow soul, why not to the Source from whence it emanated, and so learn the secrets of futurity from God Himself?"

"That is not an illogical deduction from my premise, and perhaps those premonitions, and forebodings of good and evil that sometimes come to us, thus originate, but there is a boundary line here beyond which the human soul must not pass. Our first parents after eating of the *tree of knowledge* were driven from the garden, 'lest they should become as gods.'"

"Well—"

"Their descendants are still excluded from it. Manifestly it is not a part of the Creator's plan that we should do more than 'see as through a glass darkly,' here. It is in the other life where the mists will all be rolled away, and we shall walk no more by faith. There is only now and then an intellect possessing the Supreme concentrativeness requisite to so exercise the will, as to obtain even a glimpse of the guarded tree—still more rare are those who could exercise it to anything like perfection. Poe might perhaps have done so, but he died, and so will every one who too nearly approaches a solution of these mysteries. The flaming sword still waves before the portal through which our first father and mother passed out and became mortal."

"I believe it, and have no desire to trespass on forbidden ground. Let us return."

Slowly the two men turned their steps homeward thinking more than they spoke. As they neared the hotel, Wayne stopped suddenly and pointed to an object on the balcony. It was the figure of the young Spaniard in an attitude of deep abstraction—his arms folded, his head thrown forward on his breast.

"It just occurs to me who that boy reminds me of," Mr. Fay said. "I've been turning it over in my mind ever since I first saw him."

"Who is it?" Wayne asked nervously.

"Stephen Darrow, an English tourist, I met among the ruins of Petrea, in the accursed land of Idumea, near twenty years ago."

"Was there anything remarkable about this man?"

"He was one of the most unaccountable persons I have ever met. There were few parts of the civilized or uncivilized world that he had not visited—his reading had been varied and extensive, particularly in the literature of the Orients, and even at that time he was well versed in the modern theories of mesmerism and clairvoyance.

"In early life, while gratifying his wandering propensities, he had been wrecked on the coast of Central America—he wandered into the interior—and if his story was to be credited, had made the acquaintance and had been for a considerable time on terms of intimacy with certain mysterious tribes, of whose existence the world has had occasional vague hints, which have never been subjugated—never before visited by a white man, and are still living as they did long before Cortez set foot on this continent.

"He described this strange people as far advanced in many of the arts and sciences, and from them he professed to have gathered something more than an insight into those occult mysteries of past ages, which have been so long regarded by the majority of the world as Oriental fables. He had certainly picked up some curious knowledge, and had learned or knew by intuition how to exercise a kind of psychological influence which was almost startling.

"When we first met, he had been for weeks lingering round the blighted desolate Wady Mousa unmolested, though the Bedouins have always evinced a singular adversion to having this God-accursed region traversed by strangers, but no Sheikh ever exercised a more boundless control over the wild children of the desert, than he seemed to, and I believe he was secure among them as he would have been in the streets of London.

"We were fellow-travellers for three or four months; and when we parted at Cairo, he declared his intention of returning to his Central American haunts, for which he always seemed to have a strong predilection—I never saw him again."

At that moment the young stranger awoke from his reverie, looked about him for a moment with a weary anxious air, and slowly entered the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

Ralph Gale had witnessed his cousin's abrupt departure with some uneasiness, and ere he had been many minutes gone, began to regret the high tone he had assumed.

For the death of his half sister he really cared very little, though the first intelligence of it had produced a momentary shock, as such tidings might be expected to in the mind of any one not utterly devoid of humanity. He had never entertained toward her any feelings of fraternal tenderness, but had she been the most kindly cherished of sisters, he knew Wayne's character far too well to suspect for an instant that he had been otherwise than faithful to his trust. If Eve filled a suicide's grave, he felt assured that she had taken her life in obedience to one of those dark promptings which so constantly beset her, but a glance had shown him that there were circumstances attending her death that would set the gossiping world agog, and very probably make his cousin the object of dark suspicion and unfriendly criticism.

Ralph was prone to follow crooked paths, and had been accustomed to use with a relentless hand any power that chance had given him over another, and the temptation to display the weapon with which he would have struck deep and sure had fitting opportunity occurred, was too strong to be resisted.

But he had nevertheless his own potent reasons for desiring most earnestly that Wayne should not at this point abandon the voyage he had undertaken, or seek other assistance than his own for prosecuting it. Should such an event take place, all his plans would come to naught, and the great prize for which he was playing a desperate game in which success seemed almost certain, might elude his grasp.

All this his rapid mind comprehended at a glance, and he perceived that he had made a mistake, perhaps a serious one, which must be remedied ere it resulted in farther mischief.

"I must smooth this matter over in some way," was his thought as he turned his reluctant steps toward Wayne's apartment. "A beautiful mistress and an independent fortune are stakes that must not be placed in unnecessary hazard by careless play. It will be hard to apologize to the wheedling scoundrel who has stolen my birthright, but I can bide my time. The game is in your hands now, Wayne Ildreth, but let him laugh who wins."

Wayne was surprised, and not over well pleased, upon entering his room after his adventure at the ruin, to find Ralph seated there quite as though nothing had happened. Had they been upon their old familiar footing, the events of the evening had been of such a nature that he would have preferred solitude at least to Capt. Gale's society, but the latter met him with his usual off hand frankness.

"Look here, old fellow!" he said, "I don't feel quite easy about that little misunderstanding of ours. To be perfectly plain about it, I believe I made rather an ass of myself. Let's shake hands and scratch the affair off the log book."

"With all my heart," Wayne cordially answered; "you touched me in a tender spot, and deeply, but it's all right now."

"I suppose I did. This devilish temper of mine is always getting me into some confounded difficulty—and always will be I expect, but can't help it; and sometime my prospects will all be capsized, by flying into a passion just when I ought not to."

"Nothing so serious as that, I hope."

"It would be just my luck; but did you really believe that Eve's death was a matter of indifference to me—as you pretty strongly hinted?"

"Not that, exactly—though you never seemed to care for her particularly; and sometimes I have thought you positively disliked her. Perhaps I should not have spoken as I did, however."

"There is no occasion for apology on your part; the fact is, I don't want you to think me more inhuman than I really am. The news cut me up deucedly—the more so, perhaps, because I did not feel exactly certain that I had been just what I should to her; but she was such an incomprehensible girl, that I never could hit upon the way to her affections."

"She was that, indeed," Wayne said, with a perceptible shudder; "but I never fully appreciated it until to-night. Let's talk of something else."

"Something has gone amiss with you," Ralph said, regarding his companion with keen scrutiny. "What is it?"

Wayne hesitated. Captain Gale was not the kind of man one would naturally select for a confidant in such a matter as was then uppermost in his mind, but there was a kind of relief in speaking of it to another after all, and he presently related the singular occurrence that had fallen under his observation, fully expecting his recital to be received with covert sarcasm or a laugh of incredulity.

Quite to his surprise, Ralph listened with serious attention, and his face wore an expression of doubt and anxiety.

"Eve didn't like your going with me," he said, presently.

"No. She had some notion that trouble would come of it."

"There was nothing remarkable in that; for she disliked me; but this affair of to-night passes my comprehension. How long do you design to remain here?"

"No longer than necessary. It is foolish, I suppose, but nevertheless, after what has happened, I shall not feel like myself again until I'm afloat; besides, I want to get over this voyage as soon as possible. I have grown ridiculously superstitious about it, in the last few hours."

"We can be underweigh again in three days if you like."

"The sooner the better; but about that young fellow, St. Anna."

"Better have nothing to do with him. The devil only knows who or what he is, or what trouble you may get into by helping him away."

"So be it then; I've had some doubts on the subject myself."

"It will be the best way, you may depend. But I must be off. Good-night—or rather morning."

Ralph did not seek his apartment, but, late as it was, stole out into the air, and for some time strode moodily up and down, evidently absorbed in thought.

"What spirit of darkness possessed that girl?" he muttered, "that she can't rest quietly in her grave after having had the good sense to kill herself, and what mischief does this apparition portend to me? Pshaw! I'm a fool. The fellow was drunk, and got frightened at a shadow. At all events, I have gone too far to turn back, if the devil himself, instead of Eve Isle, had stood in the way. And thank fortune, I'm not to have that Spanish fellow, who looks too sharp to be safe, to put an unfavorable construction upon any accident that may happen."

Weary and nervous, Wayne threw himself into a hammock and tried to sleep, but it was some time ere he could compose his thoughts.

When slumber finally came to him, he had bewildering visions, in which the events of his past life were mingled in chaotic confusion, and through all floated a strange phantasmagoria of ghostly shapes and monstrous impossible events and situations, sometimes causing him to pant with terror, and again almost checking the pulsations of his heart as he seemed to approach some culminating point fraught with horror; but throughout the vision there was one defined impression. A voice, steady and persistent, seemed to whisper that the young Spaniard had been sent as a friend, to stand by him in some dire extremity, and that he must take him with him at all hazards.

How long he tossed in restless slumber he never could tell, but the gray light of morning was just beginning to faintly glimmer, when he awoke with an impression that was not new to him. He had been roused from sleep with the same feeling once before, at home, beneath his own roof. He started up, with great drops of perspiration gathering on his forehead. He did not need to look around him, for there, right before him, not a misty, impalpable shadow, but in bodily shape, as though of flesh and blood, draped in a loose white robe, that fell around her like a cloud, stood the form of his cousin, motionless as carved marble, and peering into his eyes with the weird steady gaze that had thrilled him on the night he so well remembered.

Wayne Ildreth was not wanting in physical or moral courage, but this unlooked-for vision was too much for his nerves, already overtaxed, and with a low cry he sank back insensible.

Mr. Fay heard the exclamation in his chamber, which was adjoining, and hastened to his assistance, as soon as he could undo the awkward fastenings of the door. He found his friend alone, and in a swoon.

"You have seen your ghostly visitant again," he said, when Wayne had been restored to consciousness.

"I have; and this time it came, I believe, to bring me a warning."

"Ah! of what nature?"

"That young fellow, St. Anna, must go with us. And now, not a word of this to any human being."

* * * * * * * *

Three days later, the brigantine got under weigh for the island, where Wayne was to fulfil the wishes of his uncle, and Senor St. Anna and his *macho* went with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Style of Handkerchief.

The new Paris Fashions tell us that some pretty novelties have come out in the way of half-dress pocket-handkerchiefs. These are not quite round, but the corners cut off, with colored *vignettes* and frills to correspond, or else a pattern of dots worked in colored embroidery, and a flounce equally embroidered sewn at the edge. The frill is sometimes edged with very fine, narrow *Valenciennes lace*, which makes the handkerchief more dressy. Another style is a bee or a trumpet, or a butterfly embroidered at the corners, a narrow Valenciennes edging surrounding either insect. But newer than all these are the *morning handkerchief*, in sun bleached cambric, with either a line of color all round or a device at each corner, consisting of a dog's or boar's head, or a hunting-whip, or in fact any other design recalling the chase and its emblems.

A NEW WAY TO ECONOMY.—A person in Paris noticed a poor man with a wooden leg walking past his hotel, and gave him a franc. The next day he saw the supposed beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed—"You rascal, you had the wooden leg on the other side yesterday! You are not lame at all!" "Monsieur," was the response, with dignity, "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trowsers—and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trowsers wearing out before the other."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

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THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—*One copy*, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

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3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Fourth of July;" "The Second Mrs. Denby."

"BECAUSE SHE WAS A WOMAN."

A good deal of sympathy has been expressed by gentlemen, particularly for Mrs. Surratt, condemned to death for complicity in the plot to murder our noble President. The ladies, generally, show more of a disposition to see justice done. And in this, the surprise of men inclined to mercy, is not slight. Women, timid, shrinking, merciful, generous—why is it that they should in this instance seem so cruel toward one of their own sex? We know that in many matters women *are* less generous with each other than men are with them; but in this case the general conclusion is nearly this:

In Mrs. Surratt we recognize a deliberate murderess and traitoress, bent upon the accomplishment of a design which has stricken a nation to the heart with grief and horror. The evidence brought to bear upon the case has developed a hardihood and recklessness in her movements thoroughly unwomanly. She forgot her position as a woman, stepped out from the holy influences that should pervade the atmosphere about the sex, and descended to the perpetration of a crime for which death was the only fitting punishment. She knew as well as any man engaged in the diabolical plot that it was wrong, and what its penalty would be if detected. Yet she gave her aid willingly—it may be relying upon the popular chivalric feeling of man towards woman to save her from deserved punishment.

We heard a gentleman say on the morning appointed for the execution:—"I have read all the evidence. I think her guilty, and richly deserving of death; yet they have no business to hang her, just because it is a woman."

While honoring the feeling and respect shown by the stronger to the weaker sex, we scarcely think such speeches wise. It would not tend to raise the sex in the eyes of the judicious, or prove it better, by sparing the woman and executing the men, when they are all proved equally guilty of crime. It casts reflections, besides, upon the authorities who have investigated the case, and brought forth evidence stamping her worthy of punishment.

If it comes to a mere question of humanity, and we learn to pity those who killed our President, let us pity *all* of the misguided wretches who have gone to their death under sentence of the law. A thousand treacherous lives will not weigh in the balance with the grand life hurled out upon the sea of Eternity without a moment's warning. As the dawning of a radiant light neared and touched him, he was smitten remorselessly—cut off from the enjoyments of the glorious fruits crowning his labors; and if one is worthy of the commiseration of a people who suffered at the hands of those traitors, all are. Be just, and say that "not one should have expiated the crime upon the scaffold," or "that it is meet all should suffer alike." Like Mrs. Browning when she insisted upon fair criticism—scorning favors "because she was a woman," we say, "show us no mercy, if we forget the Right and choose the Wrong." We are able to bear the penalty, if we are able to commit crimes. Were criminal offences passed over because of our being women—the chivalry of the other sex extending so far as to reject extreme measures—what security have you for your lives? As we have proved to us every day, women are often cruel, vengeful, and passionate—sometimes pursuing objects with a deliberation that is fearful. Is she less worthy of punishmen when her purpose is accomplished, than a man would be? Why should it be so, when God has endowed her even more sensibly, with the sense of Right which should guide all her actions?

For the sex we are tender and pitiful. All good and noble traits as seen in woman's nature, excite love and admiration, earnest and sincere. But we cannot withhold the expressions that have been drawn forth by this question. Our Government has earnestly endeavored to act justly. We give it full credit for justice, and whatever the heart may feel, when judgment is clear upon the point, let us seal our lips upon such assertions as the one we quoted. "It has no business to hang her, because she was a woman."

REASONS FOR LOOKING PRETTY.

There are good reasons why we should always appear as well as possible. Taking into consideration the strong effect exterior things produces upon the mind, it becomes a necessity, if we desire happiness. That is generally conceded to be the chief object of life; therefore it is well to observe the things most calculated to produce such a result.

A consciousness of looking well, being dressed in good taste, and consequently pleasing to the eyes of those by whom we are surrounded, produces an effect for ourselves as pleasant. *We feel* nice—see that others appreciate us, and our hearts warm with a glow of satisfaction which sends lights to the eye and lip in genial smiles. The atmosphere about us is pervaded with a presence of joy. It is the thrill of "angel breathings upon human lips," which purify us from discontentment and the weariness which arises out of discontentment.

The effect upon the spirits, of a dark or bright day is unmistakable. As unmistakable is the effect of our surroundings wherever we chance to be. Our sensitiveness to exterior influences, renders us happy, depressed, or miserable, according to the degree of beauty about us. In a pleasant, airy, well-furnished room, we grow cheerful. In a dark, gloomy one, we are depressed. A smiling face charms us to forgetfulness of many ills, while a sombre one, makes us remember them so vividly, we are apt to grow morbid and exaggerate them. In the *tout ensemble* of a man or woman,—dress, features and expression,—we instantly draw inferences either for or against—pleasant or unpleasant. The surroundings speak for the taste and habits of a person almost always, unerringly. The dress is a part of these, and the most important, we may say. Expensive dress is not essential. It is the color and fitness that gives it character. Elegance and beauty consist in its tasteful arrangement, by contrasts or harmonies; and in accordance with our success, is the effect produced upon ourselves and those by whom we are surrounded.

Let us, then, try to look well—dress with taste; surround ourselves with pleasing objects—be happy ourselves, and make others as happy as we can.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

THE TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS AND CONSPIRATORS. Full of illustrated engravings. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Vanity.

Talk of the vanity of woman. Is there no vanity in man. Show me one girl with her pretty head stuffed full of conceit of her own beauty and consequence, and I will show you fifty youths, upon whose lips the small down, by much coaxing, has ventured to appear, and a hundred hirsute dandies, exulting in a full facial crop of spontaneous growth, who are more perfectly possessed with a self-satisfied estimation of their own irresistible charms than any miss in her teens. Each of these apologies of men fancies every woman whom he happens to encounter desperately enamored of him, and is fully persuaded, in his own mind, that he bears to the fair sex the same relation that the late Captain Martin Scott did to the raccoon. "Don't fire," said the coon to the captain, as the latter was about raising his unerring rifle, "I will come down." "Don't pop the question," says some fascinated damsel to any one of these exquisite lady-killers, "I will marry you."

☞ On the visit of the Captain-General of Cuba to our iron-clads and naval steamers, as they lay in the harbor of Havana, the *Monadnock* honored him by firing one of her 15-inch guns. This so started him from his equanimity that he jumped backward and by accident sprained his left leg. He was attended by the fleet surgeon.

☞ There is a man out West who has had eight wives. He says he considers himself considerable of a *belle-ringer*.

Sketches from the Old Homestead.

No. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Babydom.

The consecrated roof of the old homestead shelters me as in the days of careless childhood. Again I stand beneath the little portico to watch the fervid earth smile through her tears in renewed vigor as she drinks in the refreshing rain. Everything that hath life rejoices in the balmy air. Even the children just emancipated from the hard benches of the district school over the way, rush forth overflowing with fun and frolic. Gutters are dammed, little water-wheels are set to whirling, and innumerable small craft with paper sails are launched on the roadside rivers. Happy childhood!

Little ones from the Irish cabins yonder waddle out and laugh when they feel the water washing their tiny toes. Guileless babyhood! How simple are its wants, how innocent its pleasures!

If my "gentle reader" has the gentle heart which all "gentle readers" are supposed to possess, he finds pleasure in the pretty ways and artless prattle of infancy. Coleridge says:—"If we would keep near heaven, we must keep near our childhood." If we would cultivate pure thought and gentle affections, let us pay frequent visits to Babydom.

You and I, "gentle reader," once formed a part of the great Babydom militant. We all wore petticoats, and submitted to petticoat government, in the earliest of the Shakespearian ages; then, too, paradoxical as it may seem, we were the veriest tyrants, and ruled through our weakness.

Babydom! The word calls to mind a host of partial papas and mammas, surrounded by the undeveloped greatness of the world; embryo presidents, governors, bishops, and brilliant wives for the same. There is no admitted mediocrity in Babydom—for who ever thought that *his* child was not destined to be famous?

Wherever there is a mother's heart filled with love for the little nurseling, and throbbing with high hopes for its future; where there is daily and nightly watchings of the budding graces of infancy; where the pattering of little feet is heard, and merry laughter mingles with half-lisped words—there is Babydom.

On rail cars and boats, in omnibuses and cabs, in carriages and carts we find Babydom abroad; we find it in ribbons and in rags, starving and feasting, crowing and crying.

There is rag picking and street sweeping Babydom; innocent babyhood mired in the filth of alleys, smiling where no blue sky is seen, laughing where no singing-birds are heard, breathing both moral and physical miasma. Babydom in hovels, where want has stamped its impress on tiny faces, and left deep marks of misery in the sunken eyes, flaccid skin and pinched features of the children of poverty. Innocents in starvation;—little heads drooping on breasts that can give it no nourishment;—little skeleton hands stretched out for bread where no bread is found.

"Gentle reader," you drop a tear and heave a sigh when you meet with such scenes. You wish you could make a continual feast in Babydom, and gather from garrets and cellars, from highways and byways all suffering infancy, and away out in the pure air and sunlight, under the shadows of great trees, where singing birds and babbling waters are heard, see the healthful expansion from babyhood to proud and noble manhood and womanhood.

Babydom in plenty; the bloom of health paints the cheek; the sparkle of intelligence lights the eye. "Little prattlers eloquent and wild," are "a well spring of pleasure" that sends gladness all around. Pure and unprejudiced minds—tablets on which daily lessons are written.

"Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it costs,
Guide them, mother, while you may."

Babydom in church—carried there without knowledge or desire—borne along the aisles in robes of richest texture, embroidered with the very life of the poor sewing girl—borne to the font, "signed with the sign of the Cross," promising to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and to lead a godly life.

Babydom in the cemetery;—the last wail of anguish has been breathed out; the mother has dropped the last tear on the marble face; the father has imprinted the last kiss; the encoffined form has been lowered into the bosom of earth, and the freed spirit has soared away to Babydom triumphant.

"'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away."

JUNE ISLE.

The Dullness of Furnishing.

The London Society has the following:

"In the first place, we would lay down as a fundamental principle in furnishing, that the end in view should be to make a house or a room cheerful, comfortable, and livable. We say livable, because there are so many which, though handsomely furnished, are dreary in the extreme, and the very thought of living in them makes one shudder. Others captivate us by their picturesque appearance, and we are inclined towards them; but one moment's peep inside dispels every wish of the kind. They are so dismal, the rooms are low, dark, and small, and an atmosphere of dankness pervades the whole.

"The dull style of furnishing is, like every other form of dullness, is very common. The prevailing tints are drab, oak, and a dingy red. There is much neatness about it. The highly polished round-table stands universally in the middle of the room, with perhaps some wax flowers, generally water-lilies under a glass shade—in the centre; or it may be, a bit of needle-work and beads for a lamp-shade at night, and a tall, lanky glass vase for flowers by day. A few well-bound books are placed upon the table at equal distances, all radiating from the centre. The carpet is a flowery pattern on a red ground, a few shades darker than the curtains, which are also red with stripes or flowers of brown and drab. The sofa and arm-chairs have the same dull covering. There is usually a card-table, and red silk banner screens are placed like mutes on each side of the fire. One never goes into the room without feeling inclined to yawn, and a sense of depression comes over one after a few minutes. It is essentially dull and drab—respectable, certainly, but painfully dull."

☞ How to make a little go a great way—send it by rail.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

Famine Festivals—A Montevidean Belle—A Day on the Mount—Balandras—A Singular Sea Fight.

Once, after the blockade and siege of Montevideo had been maintained more rigorously than siege or blockade had ever been maintained before, for a period of nine weeks, by a combination of lucky events—the Montevideans always declared it was by the especial intervention of their patron Saint—they got into the beleaguered city in one day eight hundred head of cattle from the land side, and from the harbor more than two thousand barrels of flour, with sugar, butter, lard, cheese, and hams—a whole cargo from New York.

One would have thought that more than two months of famine and starvation, would have taught the pent-up fools prudence and economy. But it did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it had made them perfectly reckless of all vicissitudes, and the advent of the timely supplies was made the occasion of such a jubilee—such a scene of extravagant waste and riot as Montevideo never saw before.

Instead of husbanding the providential supplies in view of a continuance of the blockade and siege, the whole stock was laid hold of by the authorities and a proclamation published, granting to every person, resident of the city, so many pounds of beef, with flour, butter, cheese, and all other kinds of provisions lately received, on their giving a written obligation to the authorities to return just so much material in kind, within three months after the siege and blockade should be raised.

By the end of the second day, every ounce of the material of every description, had been distributed, and the carnival of crazy gluttony was at its height. Probably nowhere else on this earth was there ever exhibited such scenes of reckless prodigality and utter wastefulness. In kitchens, halls, passages, in the streets, on the foot-ways, and even in the vestibules of churches—wherever a fire could be kindled, men, women, children, black and white, soldiers and civilians, clergy and laity, rich and poor, were busy as bees, working like beavers, and stuffing like cormorants—stewing, kneading, broiling, buttering, carving, cooking, steaming, and stuffing their hungry maws until hundreds and thousands rolled on the ground in an agony of torture, and many a Montevidean reveller was there at that famine festival who never required another meal. It was a most magnificent illustration of South American civilization.

One of the most ludicrous, and at the same time most sorrowful incidents of the high carnival that came under my own observation during the whole saturnalia, occurred on the second day, along towards noon:

My friend, Dr. Bond, and myself were passing down the *Calle Republica*, amusing ourselves by watching the mad antics of the various revellers, when our progress was suddenly arrested by some one calling to me in a most earnest and urgent manner from the opposite side of the street—

"Ho! Don Carlos—for God's sake come here, sir! You are a doctor. For the love of the Blessed Virgin! Bring your friend. He is, I think, a doctor too. Holy Angels! Come quickly, good senors!"

So we went quickly—as fast as we could run across the street, to the house of Don Enrique, Pastor Castano, one of the wealthiest men in Montevideo, and I said to that gentleman who had called us so frantically,

"In Heaven's name! Don Enrique, what is it?"

"Oh come in here *instimente* Don Carlos—Come in, doctor. Oh, God! my—my—wife—my beautiful Alzeida—my darling babes. They are all dying, gentlemen. They have eaten too much,—and are dying! You must save them all!" and grappling each of us by an arm, the half distracted man dragged us in through the wide, lofty hall, into the sumptuously appointed dining-room, and with a vigorous thrust that sent us at a quick run four steps or so within the apartment, Don Enrique almost screamed—

"My God! doctors, look there!"

We did look there. And such a scene—I shall never describe it justly. I am incompetent. But what I can say of it shall be the truth.

There were the principal portions remaining, of a banquet that should have satisfied the appetite of an emperor. And there, rolling on the hard, bare floor of marble marquetry, her huge fat body puffed and swolen to almost double its proper proportions, her eyes fairly starting from their sockets, tongue protruding, bitten through and bloody, nearly every shred of clothing rent from her obese person, and her great, fat hands—the fingers gleaming with jewels, clutching spasmodically at vacancy, grovelled in the last throes of mortal agony, the wife of Don Enrique—she whom but three days previously we had seen sailing by us to mass—magnificent in her display of lace and jewels, and costly satin, and we heard people admire, and call her a beautiful woman. Now, she lay there a revolting spectacle, writhing, dying of sheer gluttony.

There was no hope—already she was fighting death frantically in her last terrible spasms.

In a great arm chair, and almost in as hopeless a condition as her mother, lay the queenly beauty that at the last high mass we had seen in almost superhuman beauty, personating the Madonna, and heard a thousand admiring tongues proclaim the "Belle of Montevideo." What a picture now! Livid, swollen, disfigured, writhing in terrible agony, the victim of her own voracious appetite.

The two children—a brave, handsome boy of nine, and little five-year-old Nineta, were less dangerously ill, and they could afford to wait while we made an effort to save their sister. That effort was made with a vigor and determination that finally gave us victory, but it left little of the belle for Montevideans to admire in the person of Dona Alzeida Castano. Blistered and plastered, purged and vomited, and her cascade of black, glossy hair all cut away, until her shaven poll resembled the bristling back of a short-quilled porcupine, Dona Alzeida looked a great deal more like a scalped witch than she did like a belle of—anywhere. She would never be likely to surfeit herself again, particularly if she had a suspicion that, by any possibility, she might fall into the hands of Drs. Bond and Cosmo.

As for Master Antonio and the pretty little Nineta, we soon brought them "out of the depths," but Dona Paulina had celebrated her last famine festival, and Don Enrique was inconsolable. It was little wonder. Few men lose so much wife, all in one lot.

Good to the Montevideans came out of that foolish festival after all, for there was only a very small minority that died of the surfeit, and as for the majority, it seemed that three consecutive days of gorging beef had changed them all into ferocious bull dogs; and when some one proposed a sortie upon the Blancos under Mascomillia, who were besieging the city, every one else shouted: "*Irre-ra! Muera los salvages Blancos!*"—and out poured the whole arms-bearing population upon the Buenos Ayreans, with such resistless fury that they were entirely routed and scattered in every direction, like chaff before the thundergust.

Then there was a grand jubilee, and all the city of Montevideo streamed out, and up the sides, and thousands climbed to the summit of the "Mount," a conical hill, four hundred and ninety odd feet high, lying to the northwest from the city, and from which Montevideo has its name.

The resident representatives of foreign nations recognized the raising of the siege, by transferring the flags of their respective consulates for the day to the summit of the mount. The vessels in port, men-of-war, and merchantmen, deemed it good policy to add eclat to the Montevidean triumph, and sent their flags and delegations of sailors and marines and officers in gorgeous uniforms, and small cannon, and generous rounds of blank cartridges, up to the top of the pinnacle, and as, if my memory is correct, vessels from thirteen different nations were at anchor in the harbor, and before it was fairly daylight every one of them had its representatives in men and flags up there on the Hill of Mars, and at least two thousand of the fairest of Montevideo's daughters mingled with the gaily throng. The sun rose that morning on as magnificent a spectacle as ever it shone on in the southern hemisphere.

And all day long there was revel and congratulations, and roaring of cannon, and fraternizing of nations, and high carnival there, on Montevideo's gala mount. It was a fete that threw the old heathen Jupiter's dinner party at Tempe far into the shade.

But all that hilarity and gleaming of flags, and thundering of salutes, never moved the stubborn old mule-tiger—the indomitable Buenos Ayrean Admiral—a single atom. There he lay, four miles off the mount—the old one-armed savage, with his five-vessel fleet of paltry crafts, obstinately maintaining the blockade of the Uruguayan capital.

But the friendly demonstrations did move the fiery Coe, commander of the Montevidean fleet. His force was even more insignificant than that of the Argentine admiral—only three trifling craft inefficiently armed, manned, and supplied with ammunition—burlesque men-of-war improvised out of merchant vessels, and the flag ship a clumsey, low-deck, down-east, foretopsail schooner, mounting six light guns, and mustering seventy men, all told. Ridiculous. Why—one of the crack frigates lying there in the roads would have driven Buenos Ayrean and Montevidean fleets into ovenwood with a half-dozen broadsides.

But Coe, animated and inspired by that brave display from the Mount, resolved to dislodge the persistent Buenos Ayreans from their impudent position, or at least to make a gallant effort to do so, and all through the morning we could see the busy Montevideans on board their vessels preparing for battle, and little before noon the three craft got underweigh, Coe leading his toy squadron with his low-deck flag ship defiantly firing a weather gun as he bore down upon the anchored vessels of the enemy.

Two of Brown's fleet were of that novel, non-descript rigged class of vessels called *Balandras*—a long, narrow, light draught of water craft, having but one mast, and that a lower, topmast, topgallant and royalmast all in one, and the sails—a square mainsail, topsail, topgallant sail and royal, all tied together by clews and earings to light yards, and the whole four hoisted or lowered at the same time by a single halyard. They are awkward, ungainly things, not of much account by the wind.

These two craft Brown ordered to get underweigh, and by their manœuvering distract Coe's advance, but as it happened Coe distracted the balandras severely, for the third gun from the flag-ship cut away the mast of one of them by the deck as clean as a whistle and left her entirely at his mercy. Not many minutes later, a wild shot from Coe's lightest craft, entirely disabled the other balandra, by clipping her single halyard, and down by the run came all her sails in a heap on deck, and the Montevideans had her too.

Coe detailed his lightest vessel to tow off the two balandras, and then went at Brown still to an anchor, with his two craft. But the old tiger had the advantage still in weight of metal, men and heavier vessels, and after a desperate fight Coe was beaten off with his shot entirely exhausted. Back he came to the Montevidean anchorage, fuming and chafing, and begged and prayed for a supply of shot from the foreign men-of-war. But they were all very neutral, and not a shot or shell could he get from one of them. Of powder he had an abundant supply, and a Yankee gunner from the Congress suggested a capital substitute for cast iron shot.

A Hamburgh brig in port was freighted almost entirely with "pine apple" cheese almost as hard as white oak knots, and luckily the lacteal cones just fitted the calibre of Coe's guns. In two hour's time he had the decks of his three cruisers piled with pine apple shot, and just as the sun went down he opened a furious fire again upon the Buenos Ayreans, the novel missles from his treble-shotted guns flying in fragments, blinding, bruising, and fairly bewildering Old Brown and his myrmidons, and so frightening them that in hot haste they made sail, cut cables, and dug away from the Montevidean hornets at their best speed, Coe following close in their wake, pelting away furiously all the time until his cheese pile was exhausted, when he hauled his wind, fired a weather gun, cheered ship, and bore up for Montevideo, where on the following day himself and crews were paraded through the streets, cheered, feasted, toasted, and made salt-sea lions of for a week.

That cheese fight broke up the blockade, opened the port, and set all the machinery of Montevidean traffic agoing again for another six months or so.

☞ How Much is He Worth?—Of all current questions this is the one most frequently asked. Is is, in fact, the great question of the day. Nobody to speak of inquiries, "Is he honest?" "Is he patriotic?" Every body puts the query, "What is he worth?" Money is not merely the commercial standard of value, but too often the criterion of social position, and the touch-stone of character.

THE PRAYING MANTIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VERNET.

Perhaps the most singular of all the entomological wonders with which the investigation of Natural History has made us acquainted, is the "Praying Mantis" of Brazil, popularly known in all the regions he inhabits as *The Walking Leaf*—named thus, undoubtedly, from his almost exact resemblance to the dry, dead, brown leaf of the peach or olive tree.

I have never seen a specimen *Mantis* in any entomological collection, or found him classed in any work upon Natural History. Indeed, the only mention that I have ever seen made of the insect, was an imperfect, incorrect sketch in a number of the London Mirror, printed in the year 1826.

Practically, it is of very little importance, probably, whether the Mantis is ever recorded and classed, or not; but, as a curiosity, the insect is worth a glance, and so I present him in a small way, something as I found him in Brazil.

It is only in particular districts in the interior of the country that the Mantis is found, and only at intervals that they are seen in any great numbers at one time. But there are instances when they literally fill the air, and cover the surface of the earth, over a considerable territory, like a flight of Arabian locusts.

These occasions are the war times of the Mantis; for they are a belligerent race—pitching their battles in vast array, charging upon each other always in the air, at an elevation of from five to fifteen feet above the surface; slashing at their antagonists like cavalrymen, with their long, sabre-shaped legs, and fighting out their feud with inconceivable fury, covering often times, the surface of the ground with the slain—there are no wounded, for a *Mantis* soldier always slashes to kill.

They are cannibals, too—these shrivelled, dried-up savages, and when the battle is ended, the victors fall to upon the slain, devouring them so long as a carcase remains. Not much of a meal, even for a Mantis, you would suppose—one of these *walking leaves*; considering that although he is two and a half inches in length and nearly an inch deep, vertically with wings closed, body and all, he is scarcely the sixteenth of an inch in thickness, semi-transparent, and not a thousandth part of a drop of blood or any kind of moisture, in a million of them.

The Mantis is a quiet, harmless fellow as far as humanity is concerned. There is no venom in him, he never bites; nor does he in any instance, ever prey upon vegetation, as the locusts and grasshopper does.

Taking a *Mantis* in the palm of the hand, you will see him directly sit himself up in end very much like a dog, or rather as a dog does—toss back behind him his long slender antennæ, raise one of his singular, sabre-shaped fore legs, and continue to point steadily in one direction with it so long as you hold him in your hand. When a Brazilian *campanero* becomes lost in the *sierra*, he takes a Mantis in his hand, notes the direction in which he points, and follows it home. He claims that the "*Walking Leaf*" never misleads him. This of course, is only a foolish superstition, but the *Mantis* is certainly a very sagacious, as well as a most singular insect.

Gen. Pope and the Assistant Secretary of War.

Here is a little story about Gen. Pope which teaches one of the fine moral lessons which are always so delightful:

Pheard, while at Pillow, an anecdote of Gen. Pope—an officer of ability, but sometimes a very unpleasant man, with a pompous and hectoring manner—which will bear repetition. While at his headquarters the General was approached by a rather small, plain-looking, and entirely unassuming man, in citizen's attire, with the question:

"Are you Gen. Pope, sir?"

"That is my name," was the answer, in a rather repelling tone.

"I would like to see you, then, on a matter of business."

"Call on my adjutant, sir. He will arrange any business you may have."

"But I wish to have a personal conversation with you."

"See my adjutant," in an authoritative voice.

"But—"

"Did I not tell you to see my adjutant? Trouble me no more, sir," and Pope was walking away.

"My name is Scott, General," quietly remarked the small, plain man.

"Confound you! What do I care," thundered Pope, in a rising passion, "if your name is Scott, or Jones, or Junkins, or Snooks, for the matter of that? See my adjutant, I tell you, fellow! Leave my presence!"

"I am," continued the quiet man, in his quiet way, "the Assistant Secretary of War, and—"

What a revolution those simple words made in the General's appearance and manner!

His angry, haughty, domineering air was dispelled in a moment, and a flash of confusion passed over his altered face.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Scott, I had no idea whom I was addressing. Pray be seated; I shall be happy to grant you an interview at any time."

Possibly a very close observer might have seen a faint, half-contemptuous smile on the Secretary's lips, though he said nothing, but began to unfold his business without comment.

After that unique interview Pope and the Assistant Secretary were very frequently together, and I venture to say the latter had no reason subsequently to complain of the General's rudeness.—*New York Tribune.*

A Desirable Memento!—In several of the villages of the Pyrenees the mountaineers are in the habit of training animals for the purpose of exhibition. The Prefect of Perpignan recently passed through one of them in company with an officer of gendarmes. The latter pointed out to the magistrate a woman whose husband, a bear trainer, had been devoured by his pupil at a moment when instinct got the better of education. "I have nothing left," said the woman; "I am absolutely without a roof to shelter me and the poor animal." "Animal!" exclaimed the astonished Prefect; "you don't mean to say that you keep the bear that devoured your husband!" "Alas!" she replied, "it is all that is left to me of the poor dear man."

☞ A new way to let a man's memory be swallowed up in oblivion, is to keep telling people to forget him.

Teaching by Machinery.

A very ingenious mechanical contrivance for aiding the ordinary educational process in the acquisition of languages, music, arithmetic, &c., was exhibited recently in London, in the presence of several ladies and gentlemen interested in the work of education. The Patent Metabolical Machine is the name which the inventor has given to this very simple but apparently very efficient piece of mechanism. The machine is constructed so as to present to the eye an endless succession of musical combinations, or of sentences in grammatical and idiomatic form. These are produced by interchanges of the words or the bars which have been previously selected and arranged according to a certain formula, and then written upon the faces of the little cubes. The peculiar characteristic of the apparatus is a contrivance which prevents the faces of the cubes from presenting themselves in regular succession. An irregular movement being secured, a different variation of the words or the bars necessarily results from each evolution of the machine on its axis. A complete sentence appears at the windows on each occasion, and all the rest of the words or the bars are excluded from sight. The working of the machine exemplifies the process whereby children, taken abroad, reproduce foreign sentences in idiomatic form. It shows that the intellect works mechanically in the colloquial attainment of foreign languages; particularly in relation to the idiomatic arrangement of the words. The machine was devised to illustrate the method set forth in Mr. Pendegrast's work on the "Mastery of Languages." The beginner commits to memory two foreign sentences very perfectly. The English translations are inserted into the machine, and whenever it revolves a different variation of the words appears at the windows. The system requires that the learner shall go on translating these variations until he shall have attained the "mastery" of them. Then he may undertake another sentence; but he must recapitulate them in every lesson in order to prevent their escaping from his memory. The exclusion from sight of all words except those with which the learner is actually dealing at the moment is of great importance, because it removes all uncertainty and obviates the difficulty of retaining in the memory the latter words of a spoken sentence, whilst he is employing that faculty in recalling foreign words required for the beginning of it. A machine with two rows affords an additional exercise, for if the foreign words are placed in one row, and the English in the other, each revolution will give an opportunity for practicing double translation. The machine will soon recommend itself by the rapidity and the economy with which it works. To write out the variations of the sentences on paper, would be a very tedious operation, and to make them *viva voce* from two written sentences, would be perplexing and unsatisfactory. The apparatus is a sort of dumb waiter, from which the beginner helps himself without bothering or being bothered by a talking one. One prominent feature of the scheme is, that it bars the beginner from attempting to manufacture a sentence in a foreign language. The sentence must be selected from books, or else received from a native. No man, however learned he may be, can make an idiomatic sentence in a foreign tongue until he knows something about it, and it is very irrational to attempt it. The apparatus is a novel application of the kaleidoscope principle, and almost realizes Swift's description of the art of book-making, in Laputa. The words are put into the machine, and they are varied to form sentence after sentence, at the pleasure of the operator. Its adaptation to musical composition was aptly illustrated on the pianoforte. A number of cubes, upon each of the sides of which was written a different bar, which, read together, harmonize into a regular theme or melody, were placed in the machine, and varied at pleasure by turning the handle, the same arrangement or tune as rarely recurring as the same combination of pattern and color in the kaleidoscope.

Singular Conduct of a Cat.

A cat on Fourth street, below South, seems to have been particularly attracted by a certain car, on making the last trip at night down Fourth street. The event of which we are about to speak is very singular. For five or six weeks last past, the conductor of the car has noticed a cat on the west side of Fourth street, just below South. Upon approaching the animal, she hastily runs between the wheels of the car, and remains on or about the centre of the track. Just as the platform has passed over her, she runs towards the spot she came from and soon disappears. This singular affair takes place every night on the last trip of the car. The conductor has never noticed the occurrence on any other trip. He observed the singular action of the cat, but, for a week or so, passed it by without giving it any particular thought. Since then, he informs us, upon approaching the place, he watches for the feline, and, sure enough, the animal is there to make the run, as above stated. No reason can be assigned for the very singular behaviour of the animal. The conductor informs us that, about six weeks since, his car ran over and instantly killed a cat at this place, on the last trip down, but whether this has anything to do with the strange conduct of the other cat is matter for the curious to investigate. It should be also stated that the last trip of the car is not always made at the same time; there is a difference of hours, yet the cat seems to know, without regard to time, when the final trip is being made.

☞ A Spaniard and a German held a debate over the relative smartness of the different nations of the world. "I," said the Spaniard, "can take an egg from under a sitting bird without disturbing her." "Do that," said the German, "and I will let you see what I can do." So they went into the wood and searched till they had found a tree with a bird's nest near the top of it. The Spaniard took off his sword, and belt, and spurs, his rustling silk mantle, and his cap and plumes, laid them at the foot of the tree, and began noiselessly to mount. While he was intent on getting at the nest, the German walked off with the Spaniard's arms and cap, and cloak, and feathers. It was decreed, therefore, that the German was the smarter fellow.

☞ A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

Incidents at Newport.

To go to Newport without a team, or the means to hire one for the season, is to be a marked and lonely being, condemned to go to and fro on foot, or cock one's legs on the piazza of a hotel, and take enjoyment enviously. The publicans there let out teams and stable them for about four hundred dollars a month for a span. It costs quite fifteen dollars a week for the care of a single horse. The rivalry of Newport is not so much in the homes—for anybody, in this respect, can ingeniously fall back upon the arguments of rural felicity, retirement from care and fashion, &c., but nobody dare pass the ordeal of Bellevue in a cranky or rustic vehicle, while footmen in red or yellow trimmings, and cockades like a rooster's comb, and buttons which are mirrors, and gaiters which elaborately "respectable," go by in pageant, looking over the bosoms of languid beauties, who, despite their flutter and triumph, are exerting all their poor mortal energies to appear bored, nonchalant, and uninterested. Hypocrisy is not so much in seeming as in unseeming. There is a story of a resident of a little cottage out of town, who appeared in Newport, last summer. Her equipages was magnificent, and was generally alleged to be among the finest in Newport—two coal-black steeds, a riding pony, and one driving mare constituted her stable. She was not too old to be handsome, but just at that age when *ennui* is both ornamental and excusable. She seemed to be all day upon the road, but folks could see nothing amiss in this, as whoever possessed such a turnout had best live in it altogether. The mystery attaching to this Mrs. ——— was that she never invited anybody to her dwelling. She went to the "hops," appeared daily upon the beach, and was quite affable and popular, but never dropped an allusion to her cottage. Thereat, the other ladies who were dying of curiosity, resolved to visit her unsolicited, and a commission was appointed to discover her abode and report upon it. Far up the island, in the township of Portsmouth, they observed a little farmhouse, too obscure to attract attention, and their appearance at its portal threw everybody within into consternation. The place was bare of both carpets and furniture; a single room made any pretentions to inhabitability; and, therefore, my lady slept on an iron bedstead, with a cheap wardrobe near by for her excellent dresses, and a single mirror, without the company of which one cannot be a woman. Her beautiful harness and saddles were deposited under her nose; she had understood Newport sufficiently well to place her strength in the stable, beyond which she had scarcely the means to live respectably.

The discovery of Mrs. ———'s *menage* was soon followed by her unannounced exit from Newport. This summer she will probably stop at some retreat, where a house is the all-in-all, and a team superfluous.

☞ At an auction, recently, a lady and gentleman, who were so placed that they could not see each other, kept up the bidding for an article after all the other competitors had given in. What was their surprise when the gentleman discovered he was bidding against his wife!

☞ A Yankee being asked by a Southerner why the Yankees always say "I guess," while the Southern people say "I reckon," gave the following explanation: "That a Yankee could *guess* as well as a Southerner could *reckon*.

☞ The $1,000 dressing case at the Chicago Sanitary Fair, for the prettiest girl in Chicago, was voted to Miss Anna L. Wilson, who received 1,073 votes to 1,068 for another lady, and 722 for a third. The whole number of votes at a dollar each, was 3,471. The committee very sensibly agreed not to publish the list of scattering ballots.

☞ Apprehensive.—A person who lived in constant fear of the bailiffs having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence; to which he replied, "Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended."

☞ In 1865 there were 104 public libraries in the United States, with 10,000 volumes in each. They contained in the aggregate 2,403,477. It is estimated that there are upward of 12,000,000 volumes in the whole of the public libraries in the United States.

☞ Smiling.—There cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

☞ Cause of Falsehood.—It is more from carelessness about the truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

☞ Genius is simply a natural aptitude possessed by a person for learning how to do some particular thing better and more easily than other persons.

☞ Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and all French sentries, therefore, must present arms to her as she passes. She is the first female artist who has been decorated in France.

☞ A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

☞ Determination.—Never go back, unless you find you are wrong. What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

☞ Woman is a better observer than man, and carries induction further than he; she is consequently more penetrating, and is a much better judge of the moral and intellectual value of those about her.

☞ Why is it impossible for a person who likes to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

☞ Words.—The morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our stars!

☞ A robust countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall: being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.

☞ Why is a dull book like eternity? You read to no end.

☞ A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one better.

Wedding "Ring" with a Tongue.—A church bell has been ordered at Troy for Great Salt Lake City. They say it is to call Brigham Young's wives together. Brigham divides his affection among three hundred and sixty-five ladies—one for each day in the calendar.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

He struts on the crowded pavement,
Swinging his useless cane,
The choicest Havanas puffing,
With looks of lofty disdain.
Flashes the diamond breastpin,
Fixed in his faultless shirt;
The only treasure about him—
A jewel lying on dirt.

Rings on his fingers betoken
Conceited self-love alone,
No feminine charms can soften
That obdurate heart of stone.
He bows to each giggling maiden,
His person and dress to display,
But passes unheeded the tailor,
Whom he has forgotten to pay.

His curling moustache he moistens,
And twitches again and again,
His hair is so rich, rank and glossy,
The crop has exhausted his brain.
Arm and arm with a rowdy companion,
He chatters and simpers and winks,
"What a fool!" whisper each one that sees him,
"Ah! how they admire me!" he thinks.

He rises at ten, weak and weary,
Worn out with last night's debauch,
And bolting a hot, smoking breakfast,
Complains he has eaten too much.
He goes to the barber, whose office
Is daily his whiskers to trim,
Talks politics, studies his toilet,
And swears that the mirrors are dim.

He calls for a two-forty coarser,
And, languidly mounting his back,
Plies the whip and the spur, till nothing
But dust marks his furious track.
He stops at a cafe and orders
Brandy punch and a well-seasoned stew,
Smokes his pipe—sips his coffee and, yawning,
Complains he has nothing to do.

Returning, he meets on the highway
A friend, who has lent him some cash,
He intends to stop now and pay it,
But his horse passes on like a flash.
A plain country cousin salutes him,
And bids him his galloping heed,
He smiles in derision and answers,
"Pretty talk from a rustic indeed!"

The animal, reeking and jaded,
Is left, uncared, at the door,
While the greater brute who abused him,
Takes a glass his strength to restore.
Oysters, gin-sling and billiards
Consume the rest of the day,
Not unlike the reprobate Hebrews
"Who ate, drank and rose up to play."

At five he sits down to dinner,
Served up in exquisite style,
Fills his meerschaum and plays deep at poker,
The tedious hours to beguile.
When day's busy cares are all ended,
His hours of folly begin,
Flushed with drink and seeking excitement,
He delights in convivial din.

He is mostly seen at the concert,
The ball or the dancing saloon,
Or lounging around the theatre,
Humming an opera tune.
He sings, smokes, swears and carouses,
Till stupor his revelry ends,
Then drags himself slowly homeward,
Escorted by tottering friends.

Night and day to pleasure devoted,
Her willing and sensual slave,
His mind becomes weak and chaotic,
While his passions new stimulants crave.
Thus passes in wild dissipation,
The years of the fast young man—
Life to him is so tiresome a burden,
He spends it as quick as he can.

At twenty his health is so broken,
He cannot in business engage,
At twenty-five hopes to be better,
But at thirty dies of old age.
A worthless and ignorant creature
As ever the sun shone on,
The world will not mourn his departure,
Nor miss him when he is gone.

LUCILE REMBRANT.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "ORA, THE LOST WIFE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor Prior had just gone out for his round of early visits, when a little urchin crept shyly to a side-door with a note for Mrs. Prior. That lady happened to be alone in the hall, and on seeing the superscription, hastily thrust it into her pocket with crimson cheeks. When the little messenger disappeared, she went to her own room and locked the door.

She knew Mr. Steadman's handwriting, and stood gazing for a moment at the tiny missive before breaking the seal. Her good angel was by her side in that hour. Strong impulses woke and throbbed mightily against the evil at work in her surroundings. She longed to break the spell of the unholy influences, and cast the fetters that bound her, aside forever. There was for a moment a vision before her eyes of a sweet, earnest face, with pleading eyes looking into hers, and she could not resist the appeal altogether. Her own dark orbs dilated and filled with tears. The spell was so strong upon her, she ran to the match-safe and struck one, lighting the gas over her toilette table to which she held the note with an impulse to destroy it unread. But just as the flames began to scorch and blacken the corner, there flashed through her brain a burning memory of his words.

"Mrs. Rembrant loves some one else better than her husband," and the jealous wave of feeling which returned with it, swept away all that was good and pure in her thoughts. Her face settled into a rigid, reckless determination. The tears dried upon her lashes—the small mouth compressed itself almost fiercely.

One moment later she had read the contents of the note, and began a search for all her little valuables which she put carefully together and stowed away in a closet for packing.

While thus engaged, little Blanche's footsteps pattered upon the stairs, and a small voice called her from outside the door. At the same time, she knew that a pair of frail baby hands tried to turn the handle.

"Hamma, will you let me come in?"

No answer. The mother with her face buried in the soft cushions, had cowered down in agony and shame—stricken as if by a blow. A moment later, the child went away, and Mrs. Prior listened to the retreating steps with a feeling of intense relief. It may be, had Blanche remained, the woman's purpose might have been shaken and her better nature prevailed. But perversity withheld the responding word, and the little applicant for attention went away, leaving her to herself and her temptation. The evil prevailed—and an hour later, with the remorse and shame all battled away, a note went by the same messenger to Mr. Steadman, who had sent him back for her answer.

During the afternoon of the same day, Lucile was sitting at her window engaged with a book, when Mr. Steadman came up to the door, and was met by Lucian, who, after a moment's conversation, took him to his own room. They remained for nearly an hour; then Mr. Steadman went away without asking to see any other members of the family.

Half an hour later, Lucian's horse was led around, and he mounted him with a peculiarly self-satisfied and triumphant look, which Lucile caught as she glanced down from the open window. He looked up, caught her eye, and lifting his hat, dashed off with careering speed, through the gate and down a by-street. The look and manner alarmed her. Something was brewing calculated to give her trouble; and with a natural instinct, knowing it to be the only subject he might think likely to disturb her, all her thoughts turned upon Mrs. Prior.

Involuntarily her eyes wandered to the mansion, where she could distinctly see that the curtains of one window on Mrs. Prior's side of the house, were drawn aside. Almost at the same moment, there was a little flutter as of a handkerchief, and then the curtain swayed back to cover the window again. A second close scrutiny of the street showed her Mr. Steadman slowly sauntering down the pavement on the opposite side from Mrs. Prior's dwelling.

During the afternoons, Mrs. Prior's curtains always remained down, as the sun shone full upon that side of the house. Now this little movement seemed to catch her attention as nothing else had ever done, and putting all together, Lucile's heart beat heavily. Was it a signal, and would she break her promise? She tried to reason away the fears that arose, but could not. They haunted her most pertinaciously, until she grew miserable and restless.

Her uneasiness was not diminished by a visit from Blanche Prior to Flora. Her nurse brought her over very carefully dressed, and the little girl said she had begged to be allowed to come because she was lonely, and mamma had been in her room all day with a headache. She had gone to her door several times only to be sent away, and at last told not to come any more, because her mamma was sick.

Mrs. Rembrant took the two little ones up to a large, airy room next to the nursery, and furnished them with everything she could find likely to amuse them. After that, giving them permission to come to her whenever they were weary of pictures and books and toys, she went back to her own room to think.

She tried to convince herself that Mrs. Prior was to be trusted. She had promised with a tone and air that were like truth, and it seemed ungenerous to doubt her. But she could not shake off the fear that had seized her, and at last went to her husband to relieve her mind of its excitement. He listened to her story thoughtfully, which comprised anything she had seen except Lucian's complicity. This she could not bring herself to tell him, even had she known without a doubt, that he was mixed up in the matter, and pressing it forward as she suspected.

"My dear I think you had better let me send for Dr. Thane and confide this matter to him. He can help us, probably. I know it looks like a breach of faith, but it would be far better that one more should know it now, than all the world, when it is too late."

"What could he do? Besides, he might feel a delicacy in mixing in such a matter. Remember that he and Dr. Prior are rivals professionally."

"The more reason why he should serve him, and if possible save him from public disgrace. What we want is to convince ourselves that there is immediate danger. I imagine that, if there is to be an elopement, it will not be put off much longer, therefore we must find out as soon as possible what the indications are."

"Could it be arranged for to-night I wonder?" said Lucile, speaking her thought. "The signal to Mr. Steadman, Blanche's visit and her report of her mother's seclusion, seem to fix a terrible fear in my mind. I am distressed beyond measure."

Mr. Rembrant looked sorrowfully in his wife's face.

"How much you take the matter to heart," he said regretfully. "She is not worthy of it; yet I know your motive, and I pity her husband and child. Shall I send for Dr. Thane?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she answered after a moment's thought. "Meantime, I will dispatch a note, inviting Mrs. Prior to tea with me. Ask Dr. Thane to do the same by Mr. Steadman. If both invitations are declined it will look like a confirmation of our fears, and I will go to her. I *will* prevent it. I cannot, cannot let her ruin so many in her downfall."

She spoke passionately, and her husband knew that she would leave nothing undone that it was possible to do.

In a short time she had written and dispatched her note. Before Dr. Thane arrived a polite refusal came back—the plea of "illness, which would prevent her acceptance of the kind invitation tendered by Mrs. Rembrant."

Lucile handed the note silently to her husband, then left him to say what he chose to Dr. Thane. The two gentlemen conversed for a little while earnestly; then the doctor sought the lady and said gravely:

"Since this affair affects your happiness, I am grateful for the confidence you have bestowed upon me, and you may trust me for all the aid that I can give. I am in this, as in all things, at your service. Pray command me freely."

She gave him her hand gratefully.

"Thank you, Dr. Thane. Believe me, I fully appreciate your goodness to me in all ways. Help me in this, and I am still the more your debtor in addition to all other obligations. What will you do first?"

"Go home and invite Steadman to tea with me on some pretence. And communicate the result to you as soon as possible. Whatever else I may do you shall be advised of."

He departed hastily, but with a bright smile. An hour later a note came to Mr. Rembrant which stated that he had met Steadman himself, who declined the invitation, and remarked that he had just made an engagement for the evening. Dr. Thane had then quietly gone to the various livery stables, and by the aid of a little money properly distributed, learned that the gentleman had engaged a carriage to be at a certain spot just out of town, at a rather late hour that same evening. This secret arrangement confirmed all the suspicions aroused in the mind of the party, and there seemed to be no longer a doubt of the intention to elope that night."

"Now, what will you do?" asked Mr. Rembrant of his wife, who stood pallid as marble before him.

"I will take Blanche home myself, instead of sending her with her nurse, and tell the mother that I know all. If she refuses to listen, I will appeal to her own husband to save her from shame. She shall not do this thing."

"I leave you to yourself. You shall act as you think proper. I have less fear of the consequences to you, since Dr. Thane has learned all about it. He will help you in more ways than one."

Before he could explain farther, in what way he looked to the doctor for assistance, a piercing scream rang through the house. It came from the room where the two children were playing, and Lucile darted away without an instant's delay, to ascertain the cause. By the time she reached them both children were screaming together, standing before the window, with their hands clasped in the wildest excitement. One glance as she neared them, cast to the yard below, through which a number of people were passing to the house, discovered the cause.

Four men came rapidly as they could up to the house, bearing a litter on which lay the form of Lucian, covered with blood. Others followed, and Mrs. Rembrant saw in a moment that there was danger of a fearful excitement.

With a quick, imperious movement, she caught the children by the arms and hushed them.

"Flora, Blanche, stop screaming this moment. Remember your dear papa, Floy, and do not scream again for the world. You will kill him. Do you not know what the doctor said? I will see in a moment, what is the matter with Lucian, and you must stay here until I come or send for you."

Flora swallowed down her sobs, and stood still, trembling. Blanche, who had screamed with sympathetic fright, stood mute with fear, gazing from one to the other. Lucile kissed them both, and sped from the room. Meeting a girl with a white face on the stairs, she sent her to the children, and herself ran to Mr. Rembrant's room. He waited explanations eagerly.

"Don't be alarmed, dear. The children were frightened by something they saw upstairs. In a few moments I will come back," and she was gone.

So rapid had been her movements, the men had only time to reach the front door, when she descended to the hall. The servants were crowding round in consternation, and she waved them back with a few words.

"Make no noise. Excitement would kill your master. One of you go for Dr. Thane, and tell him an accident has occurred to Mr. Lucian."

In the same breath she bade the men carry their burthen into the parlor, which she threw open for them, and to place the young man on sofa.

Lucian had been thrown from his horse, and now lay with closed eyes, one arm shattered and drooping beside him helplessly, while the blood stained his linen, from a cut on one side of his head. As they laid him down he groaned bitterly, but uttered no word. Only a contraction of lips and brows betrayed his consciousness of what was going on about him.

While waiting for the doctor, Lucile thanked the friends who had brought Lucian home, and declining further assistance, saw them leave the house. She then bathed his face and bound up the wound upon his head as well as she could, to staunch the flow of blood.

It was late, almost dark, before the doctor came, had Lucian taken to his room, and got the shattered arm properly splintered and bandaged. Lucile had remained by him most faithfully, only leaving him at intervals for a moment to soothe Mr. Rembrant, from whom she could not conceal the fact that Lucian had met with an accident, and required, attention, though she had labored hard to do so. She had not allowed him to know the full extent of the injury, however, and he had not been shocked into any violent excitement.

At length, when all was over, and Lucian lay pale and exhausted upon his pillow, Lucile remembered Mrs. Prior and the nearness of the evil she had labored so hard to avert. With the thought in her mind, she lifted her eyes to Dr. Thane's face, and he read in them an anguish too deep for words.

"Don't worry," he said kindly. "I will attend to the matter in some way. If you could only be spared for half an hour, I would drive you over to see her."

Lucile caught her breath with a sudden gasp.

"Blanche!" she exclaimed, "I had forgotten the child. I wonder if anybody took her home?"

"No. I saw her a moment since with Flora. I will take her home if you wish. But surely Mrs. Prior will send for her."

As he uttered the name, Lucian's eyes unclosed, and sought Mrs. Rembrant's with an imploring earnestness that made her bend her ear to his lips to catch the faint words.

"Carry out your own noble purposes, and save her—save the other too. He means to carry Mrs. Prior off to-night—but he has a wife! Go save them."

Lucile lifted her face appalled.

"What is it?"

"Oh! doctor, that man has a wife!" came through her white lips. Then she sank to a chair, and leaning her face against the bed, groaned aloud.

"Oh, Fannie!—oh, Lucian! It is so fearful—so fearful! Is there any one in the wide world—"

She would have said "to be trusted," but a remembrance of her husband, and the friend at her side, sealed the words within her lips. She would not speak them so ungenerously, because others had acted such treacherous parts.

"A wife!" repeated Dr. Thane in astonishment. "Where is she?"

Lucian did not answer him, and Lucile roused herself.

"You are sure this is true, Lucian?" she asked earnestly. "There is no chance of mistake?"

"No," he answered faintly. "When I am better I will tell you more. Now I can only say that I know this, and you must save them all. You can do it. Look in the right-hand pocket of my coat, and you will see a letter addressed to Mrs. Ellen Steadman. I was to take that letter to her, and make arrangements with her for a removal. If necessary, use the letter to accomplish your purpose, but destroy it afterwards, for her sake."

Whether he meant Mrs. Prior or Ellen Steadman, Lucile did not wait to inquire. Dr. Thane took a seat beside the sick man, to remain with him during Mrs. Rembrant's absence. She hurried out, ordered the carriage, and a short time afterward, armed with the letter which she had taken from Lucian's pocket, placed the little Blanche in the carriage and drove away.

Lucian listened to the roll of the departing vehicle intently, looking up a moment later to catch the stern, reproachful look of Dr. Thane. It stirred the hot blood till it mounted to his temples, and his voice was almost strong as he said:

"You may look at me that way, doctor, for I know you think me a scoundrel. I have acted basely, I own. Yet she has shielded me, and for her sake I will trust you not to betray the part I have taken in this abominable scheme. I ask no mercy for myself; I know I do not deserve it. Only be kind for her sake."

Here his voice shook and sank again; the tears gathered under his lashes, and rolled slowly over his cheeks, now pale with suffering again.

"I have no other wish than to treat you generously, Mr. Rembrant, though I must say I do not have a high opinion of your principles or manliness. I have seen for some time how you delight in tormenting your father's wife—why, it may be no business of mine to know; but I am certain that it is mean and contemptible, and I hope you will appreciate her more thoroughly in future."

"Appreciate her better!" and a bitter laugh came through his pale lips. "The only trouble is that I have appreciated her only too well. Doctor Thane, since you know so much, I will tell you more. It matters little now, for I shall not get well; so concealment is useless. From her, no one will ever gain the knowledge I feel disposed to impart to you. Listen to me then, and if you can, let it justify me somewhat."

"You had better not talk. It may hurt you."

Lucian made an impatient gesture.

"Never mind. I must tell you now or not at all. Years ago I met Mrs. Rembrant, before my father ever saw her. She was young and beautiful, but widowed, poor and lonely. At first I pitied—then I loved her. I sought her pertinaciously, though she strove to avoid me. I was young and ardent, and guided very little by judgment. Regardless of her delicate position, I forced myself upon her to declare my passion, and was repulsed haughtily. She said some stinging words to me regarding my want of delicacy or feeling—and I in turn grew angry. I left her after uttering some rude and cruel things; but soon after wrote a note, imploring pardon, to which no reply came. In an anguish of remorseful love, I sought her cottage again, which was near the college, and found that she had gone—no one knew where. From that time I never saw her again, until my father brought her home; but I never ceased to love her. Judge of my feelings when forced to receive her as my father's wife—the woman I loved better than my life! In my despair I sought to revenge myself by torturing her. I have done it remorselessly, till—now! She has generously kept silent. I knew she would, and took an unmanly advantage of her noble nature. My father idolizes her. A mark of disrespect from me, would shut his doors upon me, and knowing this, she has been forbearing, I believe, with the hope to shame me by her endurance and magnanimity. How all this has come to me, and with what torture, since I was dashed to the ground to-day—it would be impossible to tell. But I have acted like a miserable villain, and my sin has found me out. It is just. I will not complain."

"Any way, you have spoken out with a frank manliness I like, now;" answered the doctor, "and I shall like you rather better for it."

In his thought, he said a moment later, softly pacing the floor.

"The noblest, most magnanimous of women! The fills me with wonder as well as admiration. How is it possible that any man can find it in his heart to give her pain? Oh, humanity—thou art a mystery indeed."

CHAPTER VI.

Doctor Prior was called out hastily just as he had finished his tea. Before he left the room, he went round to his wife's chair and leaned over her.

"You look pale and weary, Fannie. Are you not well?"

The unusual attention and tenderness unnerved her.

"Not very well," she replied, struggling to keep down the tremor of voice and the sharp fluttering of her heart, which threatened to betray her agitation.

He stooped to kiss her forehead.

"Go to bed early. If I do not come back immediately, do not wait for me. You need rest."

He went out, leaving her where she sat, a dull, heavy pain at heart which dashed the color from her face, until she looked deathly.

"Rest is not all that I want," she gasped under her breath. "Oh, my husband, there is more, more, and you are driving me from you because you will not see my need. Oh, my God, *how* thou forsaken me?"

A sudden, overwhelming sense of her position swept over her. A yearning tenderness for her husband, had been awakened by the caress and the tender tone; and before her mind rose up a vision of the tiny face of her young daughter—so pale, so pleading, that made her shrink and cower with remorseful shame. She rose from the table, staggered to the stairway, and crept up the steps like one suddenly smitten blind. Reaching her own room, she fell upon her knees, crying in passionate accents,

"Save, save me, oh, my God. Remove this temptation from me, or give me strength to battle against the evil. I am helpless—I am drifting onward to destruction in spite of myself. Save me, ere it is too late."

There was a ring at the door bell, and Blanche's little feet pattered through the hall. Mrs. Prior rose and stood leaning upon the toilette-table with strained eyes and breath, waiting for her to come to her room. But instead of the child, there came a rustling of drapery up the stairs, and Lucile Rembrant stood before her, pale and pitiful, a letter held tightly within one hand.

For a moment the two regarded each other in silence. The first flash of fire that had played in the woman's eyes faded in a mist of tears. She had prayed for salvation, and ere the prayer grew cold upon her lips, it had been given. Lucile advanced, holding out the letter, and saying, in a voice that was choked and tremulous,

"I have brought your daughter home, Mrs. Prior; and have come, too, to give you this."

Almost mechanically she stretched forth her trembling hand for the letter, and looked at the superscription. The blood surged up hotly to her face for an instant, and receded, leaving her paler than before. When she had torn it open, and read the brief contents, a cry broke from her lips—a cry of mortal anguish that made the woman before her tremble as if an electric shock had passed through her frame. A mist passed before her eyes, and Lucile sprang forward just in time to break her fall as she sank fainting to the floor. The letter, which fell from her grasp, contained these words:

"My Darling Wife:

"I send my friend, L. R. to you to make arrangements for your removal. He will see you safe to M———, where I shall join you within a week, and we will sail at once for a distant land. I have an opportunity of supplying myself with the money, and we will travel until—you understand me. Be prompt and ready to comply, and I will soon be with you. Hastily, thy loving husband,

"STEADMAN."

When Mrs. Rembrant had succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, Mrs. Prior sat up and re-read the letter, though she trembled like an aspen. A dreary smile crept over her features.

"I have trusted and have always been deceived. Shall I show you what I see now?"

She staggered to a closet, withdrew from a valise standing there a jewelry casket which she brought to Lucile and opened before her. A wealth of costly jewels flashed from the satin linings—diamonds, rubies, emeralds—amethysts and opals. A fortune lay glittering against the scarlet back-ground, forming a splendid picture. From the midst of the jewels she took a tiny note, one corner scorched by the flames.

"This morning my good angel stood by me urging me to put away this temptation, but I was too weak. The Tempter destroyed all the good impulses in my heart, and I read this, listening to its sweet words in a dream of infatuation. Sweet words! Oh! bitter, bitter now, and hateful—searing my very soul with their shame."

Lucile took the paper from her hand.

"My adored one, again I plead for pity, and pray that you will keep your promise to me. A carriage will be outside the town to-night, at the entrance of the Wellington Road. I will meet you by the side gate of your garden to-night at eleven, and conduct you to it. I dare not drive nearer the house. Take nothing with you but your jewels. They will be valuable to you, for I am not yet rich enough to replace them if left behind, though I shall not always be poor as now. Answer by bearer. If nothing changes your plans, in case you agree to my proposal, as I know you will, I will pass the house this afternoon, and a signal with your handkerchief from any window in the western side will assure me that all is right. Oh, my darling—I am wild with hope—sick with fear. End the suspense in pity, and tell me that you will go with

"Your adorer

"S."

Lucile looked up, pointing to the paragraph concerning the jewels.

"This ought to have told you that he was an adventurer, seeking to ruin your happiness. Now you see his purpose. He would have robbed and abandoned you—perhaps among strangers, leaving you to droop and die with shame, or to come back disgraced for ever, and seek the protection and pity of the one you had both wronged. Thank God I have not left you to sink helplessly. I have been tempted many times to do it, but God has helped me to bear and to hope against all things. You are safe at last!"

With the glad outburst, Lucile's face dropped upon her hands, and the tears rained through her fingers. Fannie Prior gazed at her wonderingly.

"Why should you care? What am I to you, that you should be so moved with the good or evil that may come to me?"

Lucile lifted her head.

"Long ago, there was a brilliant and happy young lady, who enjoyed a large share of the world's favor. She had some poor relations, whom she condescended to tolerate and dictate to; but when a cousin brought home a little girlish wife, unsophisticated, simple, and almost as poor as her husband, the proud lady discarded them all, causing great bitterness of feeling, which had the unhappy result of working the young wife's life into an almost unbearable torture.

"Time passed on. The girl-wife was a widow—left with a little babe at her bosom, and driven into loneliness and desolation by sheer cruelty from those to whom she had a right to look for better things. When a few years had been passed in seclusion, she began to feel less lonely and more happy; but one day her little boy came in from his play, ill and feverish. I will not tell you of the sufferings which followed. She had become very poor, and only for the kindness of an old gentleman who chanced to hear of her distressful condition, and generously offered her aid, she would not have been able to give the child proper care or a chance for recovery. Even that did not save her darling, however. He died, and the woman was left desolate indeed. All that was bright and beautiful in life, seemed to have faded utterly away. The world was a blank to her.

"In the midst of this, when she bowed her head with a prayer for death, the kind old gentleman came to her side with a prayer. She had unconsciously won his love. He was wifeless—his little daughter motherless. His home was lonely. Would she not go with him, and care for his future. He was not strong. She could be all the world to him, and make the remainder of his life blissful.

"Why not? What in the world was there to prevent this step? He was noble, manly and generous. She could repay his love with an honor and devotion that would be all the better for its foundation of gratitude. So she laid her hand in his, and vowed in her heart to make the happiness of her only friend—so noble and disinterested. When she took his name, and

stood by his side a wife, he was so noble to her understanding, she could not fail to love as much as she honored him—not an ardent, passionate devotion like that buried away in the grave with the choice of her youth—but a calm, all abiding love that was more satisfying and reliable.

"She put off her sable robes, and came with him to his home, resolved to devote the future of her life to the good of those by whom she might be surrounded. Her husband was ill a great deal. She went out but little. But one evening when she had been urged by him to attend a party, she met the cousin from whose hand she drank the bitterest cups of her whole life. Face to face they stood in the throng. One remembered well, the other vaguely—as one haunted by a dream. But a danger came to the proud little beauty—a danger that threatened to sweep over a whole household and sink it in utter ruin. The other came to know it, and a mighty temptation struggled with the good of her nature, which whispered her to let her go. Yet the warning came in spite of her evil mentor, and in a short time afterward, the good angels brought the erring one to the wronged one's feet, sueing for pity and aid.

"Shall I go on? Shall I tell you of the pain and labor this effort has cost the one—the shame and torture that now shines like a fierce fiery light from the eyes of the other! No. It is past. The evil is driven hence. God has been merciful to all—and you are safe. My reward has come tenfold. I ask no more."

Mrs. Prior had cowered upon the floor, burying her face in the cushion of a chair, as Lucile ceased speaking. Great sobs shook her frame, and as Lucile bent over her in soothing, the murmur of words fell upon her ears.

"I accept my punishment, oh, my God. It is just. It only needed this to complete it."

Lucile's arms were around her, and the flushed face drawn against her bosom.

"Fannie, are we friends henceforth?"

"Yes, if you will accept me," was the sobbing reply, though hesitatingly given.

"Then let this miserable past be forgotten, or remembered only as a hideous dream from which the best lesson of your life has been derived. Come to me as a sister. I have not tried to humiliate you without good motives—and I am always ready to serve you. Now look up and let me speak to you as one woman to another only. I must go home. Lucian in fulfilling his part of the commission, was thrown from his horse and terribly injured—his head cut—his arm shattered. I must nurse him back to health. As for yourself, you must be silent and try to retrieve the past. Let your manner be patient and tender, and you will yet win what you crave most. With this aim and the care of your delicate child, you will have plenty to do to drive away morbid and bitter remembrances. Trust me to keep your secret faithfully. When Mr. Steadman comes for you, another will meet him and give him an answer which will rid Princeton of his presence. Now, good-night; and may God grant that the future may be brighter than the past has been.

She bent to her lips again, leaving a warm kiss upon them, like that first which Fannie remembered so well. As she went from the room, it seemed as if a ray of light had passed, and left her in dense and utter darkness. As for Lucile, she trod the floor as though her form was a part of the air she breathed, in lightness. The wine of life had passed her lips, and she exulted in the joy that rises from noble deeds, wrought through suffering.

A little while later, Dr. Thane had heard the story of the interview, and when the hour came for Mr. Steadman to receive a companion in his flight, a stalwart and determined man met him instead. A hand was on his throat, a low voice in his ear.

"Your villainy has been detected. Go to your wife, and if you are not a devil incarnate, leave this country with her, as you proposed, and make her happy. This affair will not get out, because your intended victim has been upheld and saved by an angel, and she chooses to leave you to God and your own conscience, if you have any. Begone, and show your face here no more, or you will receive such a castigation you will not soon be able to forget this tryst."

As he spoke, Mr. Steadman saw a whip raised threateningly. Without a word, he retreated hastily, and had soon disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

Several months had passed away. The autumn had come, and the lofty hills around Princeton flashed hues of gold, crimson, and purple, under the setting sun. Lucian Rembrant, pale and thin from long suffering, sat beside his father's bed, while Flora lay sobbing upon a pillow near him. Lucile was at her husband's side, her arm about his neck, one little hand stroking the silvered locks with a gentle, soothing motion.

There were tears upon her cheeks, but her face was calm, her voice cheerful. Strong and tender and helpful to the last, she would not cloud the waning moment of his life with any show of excessive grief, though her heart ached and yearned over him. It was terrible to see the dear eyes close, shutting out forever the fond light that had made her path beautiful for her feet, even when it led through rough and thorny places. The hand which had clung to hers so often with childlike helplessness, was relaxing now, and it was as if she stood upon a shore whose sands were golden, and mighty waves uprolling were washing it from beneath her feet. She saw him drifting away. He was going where she might not follow yet, and the way before her stretched a long, dreary waste.

All through those months what burthens had she not borne! How nobly had she stood up to face her duty, nursing Lucian upon one side, her husband on the other, and never a murmur upon her lips to tell of weariness and impatience. If the former had loved her before with a wild, mad love that proved her bane, it was changed now. She stood far above him, and sacred—an image to which he looked with only hallowed glances, purified by prayers that she had taught him to utter through suffering. The days of strife between these two were over forever. Henceforth he would only look and worship silently, purely, while she might walk on her way in peace, blessed with the knowledge that she had shown him how to live to noble purposes.

Dr. Thane, tender, firm, and faithful, was at his post. His eyes never quitted the picture until the light faded from those eyes, and the young wife pressed down the lids with a lingering, loving touch, reluctant to let another close the doors through which the soul had looked upon her with its adoring love to the last. When the last faint sigh fluttered through the pale lips, and the lingering smile deepened and fixed into an expression of abiding beauty, she closed her eyes with her head upon the still bosom, striving to follow him in his flight—piercing with mighty intensity of desire the mysteries of the upper world, until a ray of its glory fell upon her face, leaving its imprint upon it—a holy calm and peace that touched her with beatific beauty.

Lucian waited only a short time after his father's funeral before leaving home to travel for his health. That was the excuse for departure, but there were other reasons he did not name to her. He wished to leave her in peace, to rest and recover unvexed by his presence from her long labors; and he hoped, too, that she might forget more readily what was unpleasant, while he was away from her sight. By his will Mr Rembrant had bestowed the Homestead and a living upon his wife during her lifetime. To Flora a generous dowry had been given, still leaving the larger portion of an immense fortune to his son. With this Lucian was satisfied. It was enough for his wants, and he went forth an humbled, but a better man to make for himself a home where he hoped sometime to find happiness.

After the first months of mourning were past, and visitors came about her, Lucile went back to the old life of active duty. But in no household was was her influence felt as in Dr. Prior's. Her prediction had been verified. Fannie's care and judicious treatment of her husband had won him back to the tender, lover-like ways of old, all satisfying to her heart. She had roused up, grown active and womanly in truth. Little Blanche basked in the sunshine of her loving care until the pale face became round and rosy, and the happy laugh rang in peals of merry music through the household.

For a long time Mr. Steadman was never heard from by the Princetonians. More than a year had elapsed when Lucian wrote to Lucile to say that his uncle had died, leaving him heir to his estates, and that he had taken possession.

The flowers of the second summer after her husband's death were fading upon his grave, when Dr. Thane sought Lucile and led her down into the summer house where he had seen her seated so long ago in the twilight. He had a tale to tell, which he whispered while the sun went behind the hills, and its last rays touched her brown hair and pale forehead. What the result was you may guess, when I tell you that the mansion is closed, and Lucile away on a third wedding tour.

Touch Them Gently, Father Time!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Touch them gently, Father Time!
Touch, oh! gently touch them;
As adown life's stream they glide
Let the waters all divide,
And no waves o'erflow them.

Touch them gently, Father Time!
Bring them joy not sorrow;
Let the past more precious seem
For the light that down the stream
Brings a bright to-morrow.

Touch them gently, Father Time!
O'er them leave few traces;
But as days and years go by,
And life's shadows quickly fly—
Add to them fresh graces.

Touch them gently, Father Time!
'Till across life's river
Safely harbored they shall say
"We must part with thee to day"—
Farewell, Time, forever!

CAROLINE A. BELL.

PRESENTIMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANCES HENRIETTE SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Moorville laid down the letter he had been reading.

"Well, papa," said his youngest daughter Blanche, "when do you expect Mr. Wilesmont here?"

Mr. Moorville looked at the speaker with amusement, not unmixed with terror.

"How do you know that I am expecting any one?"

Blanche laughed rather constrainedly.

"No matter how I know, papa. I am correct in my surmises, am I not?"

"Yes—I must admit that you are. This letter, which has some way been delayed, informs me that Mr. Wilesmont, of whose name you have unaccountably become possessed, will arrive here this evening, on the first train from the east. He is the son of an old acquaintance of mine, and I hope, girls, you will make his stay agreeable to him."

"I intend to make him fall in love with me. I suppose that will be making myself agreeable," said Kate Moorville demurely.

"Fall in love with you, you minx!" rejoined her father, laughing. "Mr. Wilesmont is a sensible man, *mademoiselle*."

"A great many sensible men have fallen in love with me," returned the young lady, complacently.

"Blanche!" said Kate, when the girls were alone, "don't tell the old folks, but let me know how you found out Mr. Wilesmont was coming."

"You will ridicule me."

"Why, I can't go with you in all your isms and ologies, clairvoyance, and second sight, but I will promise not to say anything that shall hurt your feelings."

"Well—one evening—it was the night you all went to the concert given for the benefit of the soldiers. I was sitting alone—some unfinished work had kept me at home—when suddenly a strange thrill of terror came over me, and I became conscious of another life beside my own in the room.

"You will think me mad, Kate, but so truly as I believe in the heavens above us, a figure—a man's figure—glided across the floor, and placed himself upon the couch beside me. Ah! I shall see that form again to-night. He took my hands, and a wild fascination, that had more of terror than pleasure in it, seized me.

"He told me that he loved me, and besought my love in return, and I promised to be his wife; yet I would have given worlds to have been away, to have the assurance that I should see him never more."

"Why, I don't see why it's such a dreadful thing to have a lover."

"Oh! Kate, you cannot understand me. Mr. Wilesmont is a bad man, unworthy of any woman's heart, yet I shall be his if he wills it. Oh! what are Heaven's designs with me?"

Evening came, and brought with it the expected guest. The girls were dressed to receive him. Kate was attired in a crimson merino, with her hair arranged in a waterfall, a cascade, or a torrent. We shall have to get up a new set of questions in geography. What is a waterfall? The way in which a young lady wears her hair now. Kate was charming, and looked generally saucy and bewildering.

Blanche was dressed in black, relieved only at the throat by a bright ribbon. Her brown hair, of exquisite shade and texture, was drawn back from the full, fair forehead, and fastened in a careless, graceful mass. She was very pale, and her usual winning urbanity of manner was disturbed by an unconquerable nervousness.

Mr. Wilesmont was presented. He was a slightly built man, with not particularly noticeable features, excepting the eyes, which were of a vivid and brilliant blue, and would by most persons have been called handsome; but the pupils were small and inexpansive, indicative of a cold and self-centred nature.

His gait, too, was darkly significant of evasion and treachery. It seemed impossible for him to do as simple, straightforward a thing as take a chair; he reached his destination by a series of undulations, and when there, sat perched upon its extremest edge, in a manner very trying to weak nerves.

All of these peculiarities passed unnoticed by all of the group save Blanche, but to her they were guides to a mental and moral region she loved not to explore.

The several introductions were gone through with. Mr. Wilesmont bestowed upon Kate a glance, half respect, half admiration, her gay and sparkling beauty called forth; but as Blanche came forward he started, and his air was that of a person recognizing an old acquaintance, not gazing for the first time upon a stranger. Mr. Moorville noted this difference, and made matters worse, as unthinking people usually do, by observing:

"Do you know, Mr. Wilesmont, my girl here, has had a vision of you?"

"I am blest in being foretold by so fair a seeress," said the gentleman, gallantly coming to Blanche.

She shuddered and turned away.

Days and weeks passed on, and Mr. Wilesmont became fairly domesticated in the Moorville family.

Kate regarded him as a useful machine to take her to parties and concerts—turn over the leaves of her music book when she played, and supply her with needed bouquets. There was not the slightest danger of his acting upon her nerves, for the very good reason, that she had no nerves to be acted upon. He might have looked sentiment and talked sentiment 'till he was blind and dumb, she wouldn't have cared a flip of her rose tipped finger.

Would! ah, would there were more such lucky temperaments. Blanche was of a different mould. Passionate, intense, and when once thoroughly aroused, her whole nature must flow strongly into the channel to which it was first directed. Susceptible, impressible, she was of that mental organization from which mediums are selected.

Blanche knew her own hapless disposition, and resolutely set herself to work to avoid any *tete a tete* with Mr. Wilesmont. She felt truly, in numbers there was safety.

But who can thwart the plans of Fate? We say this, or that path, is dangerous, and we will not walk therein; Fate quietly takes us by the shoulder and places us there.

It came at last, the long dreaded hour when Blanche was to be left alone with her enemy.

There had been a sleighing party gotten up by some of the young folks of the neighborhood, and the Moorvilles and their guest were of the company invited. But when the evening came, Blanche, who had been somewhat indisposed for several days, dared not venture to trust herself to the chill winter air. She supposed of course Mr. Wilesmont would go on with Kate. But that gentleman declared that a young lady possessed of Miss Kate's attractions, could not fail to find beaux, and he considered it his duty to remain at home and enliven her sister's invalid hours; and Kate departed with a pout, that was half feigned, half real.

Blanche was wretched; but still her father and mother were left her. She had forgotten this was the regular evening on which the Masonic chapter to which her father belonged met. Nothing could have induced Mr. Moorville to fail his

"Companions of the mystic tie."

However, she was sure of her mother! Can we be certain of anything in this world? That good lady had hardly settled herself to her knitting work, when a sturdy knock at the door caused her to drop a stitch when she was "seaming," and a messenger hastily entered, requesting her to go to a neighbor's, who had been so inconsiderate as to fall sick in the night. Mrs. Moorville was known to be a capital nurse, and never refused to go when her services were required in the chamber of illness.

Blanche was in despair! As the door closed after the retreating figure of her mother, Mr. Wilesmont gave her a glance that seemed to say, as a cat might say to a mouse she has at last got in her power, "now, my dear, we will proceed to enjoy ourselves; or least I expect to have a good time, and I hope you won't object." However, having given her an assurance of his capabilities for a torturer, Mr. Wilesmont did not think it worth while to terrify her further, but rather adopted the soothing style.

He had that day bought the famous new poem "Enoch Arden," and he had a couple of books on Art; would Miss Blanche like him to read aloud to her, as she reclined in her easy chair.

After a while the reading languished. Blanche still postponing her fate, proposed a game of chess. She was very fond of this amusement, and usually played a deep game; but to-night she was so agitated as to be unable to distinguish one piece from another. After toying to "mate" with her bishop, she concluded she had better give it up. Of course she was prepared for the exclamation,

"Checkmated, Miss Blanche!"

Ah! she knew too well, she was doubly checkmated.

"But though you've lost a petty triumph," he said, (it almost broke Fenwick Wilesmont's heart, to be defeated himself in any game that he was playing,) "will you not permit me to offer you something of more value than what you have lost?"

Mr. Wilesmont was sitting on the very couch he had occupied in her vision. He turned toward her with a sudden motion that seemed as impulsive as if it had not been planned weeks beforehand, and taking both of her hands in his, whispered—

"Blanche! dearest, loveliest Blanche! I love you. You know that you are destined for me; will you be mine?"

The girl drew away her hands and cried with an expression of strange pleading in look and voice.

"No! no! Do not make me love you! Leave me! oh, leave me!"

Mr. Wilesmont smiled, a cold ironical smile.

"You must certainly think me more than human, Miss Moorville. I shall assuredly make you love me, if I can do so." And then all the subtle enchantments of his nature were brought into play, to soothe and fascinate his unwilling prey.

Magnetical, but not happy, Blanche listened to his passionate vows of love and devotion; Mr. Wilesmont always had a lot of pledges and promises on hand, that seemed all baked at one batch like baker's bread. He could swear more love in a given time than any other man of his years, certainly of his size.

At last Blanche heard the returning footsteps of her family; deliverance sounded in them. She would escape to her room ere Mr. Wilesmont had an opportunity of announcing their engagement, and thus setting a seal to it. Her crafty betrothed but too well divined her feelings and foiled her as usual. As Mr. Moorville burst into the parlor with his hearty, genial manner, Mr. Wilesmont took Blanche's hand with a touch that seemed down like in its lightness, inexorable as doom in its firmness, and leading her to her father said, in a voice that deliberate thought, not genuine feeling had rendered soft:

"Your daughter, sir, has conferred upon me the honor of her hand; do you sanction her choice?"

Mr. Moorville was one of those good, honest, but not acute persons, who having done with love-making themselves, seem to forget that others are growing up around them to enact the same role of follies. He was as far from being a match-maker as a man could possibly be; but unacquainted with the dark shades of Fenwick Wilesmont's character, he saw no reason why he should thwart his daughter's fancy, believing of course she was acting from her own free will. So he kissed Blanche's cheek, gave her suitor's hand a hearty shake, and the thing was settled.

"And so, Miss Blanche, you stayed at home to be proposed to? Oh! what duplicity," said Kate upon learning the news. "'Pon my word! I am shocked," and she made gestures of fainting.

"Oh! Kate, do not you turn against me."

"But I can't understand you, you're such a riddle. You would have beat the Sphinx all hollow."

"I wish I could understand myself," said Blanche, mournfully. "I do not love Mr. Wilesmont;—I hate and dread him; yet he has obtained a mastery over my nerves, (I believe that is a question of nerves alone)—I wish he would go away."

"Well, I can't make you out. I should either be in love with a man, or I shouldn't. That's Ned Selwin! a horrid bore, but he has the loveliest taste in cream candy. My heart or my lips are always ready for him; or for what he brings."

And rushing to her piano Kate sat down, and sang in a voice as impassioned as a jewsharp that touching effusion, "Oil on the brain."

And now Blanche was plunged into an ocean of preparations, or rather Kate was, for on that energetic young lady devolved the heavy business of the trousseau, Blanche doing little more than reluctantly try on the numerous dresses submitted to her inspection.

Kate was what phrenologists call executive; her firm muscles seemed never to require rest. Like Goethe's star she was "unresting, if not unhasting."

She would spend the whole day in shopping, and at night be as fresh as the freshest, for "The Lancers," or "German."

The dry goods clerks learned to look with terror on her saucy little hat with its red feathers, and the sound of her little balmorals would send the knights of the yardstick tremblingly behind the breastworks of their counters. Kate never left a shred of dress goods uninspected in their strong hold. She enjoyed immensely the consternation she caused; thus showing her bump of "destructiveness" was marked at least "six."

At last there was not a ribbon more to buy or shade to match, and Kate saw with a sigh the completion of her labors. She now informed the bride she might attend to the unimportant part of the wedding.

It came, the bridal morn, bright and fair, as if its smiles were to be lavished on gay hearts.

Blanche was in her chamber alone;—not with the sweet, tremulous happiness the willing bride feels, but cold and pale, as if she was going to seal her death doom.

Sinking down on her knees beside the snowy couch on which was spread the hated paraphernalia of the wedding, she prayed. Ah! we call a great many things prayers, but there comes a time in the lives of us all, when conscious of our poor mortal weakness, we cast ourselves upon the all-powerful, all compassionate arms of our "Great High Priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmity."

Then—oh! we may not speak audibly, but the soul's anguish forces its way to that One Ear which is never turned away from human complaint.

As Blanche arose, a feeling of peace seemed to settle upon her heart, even as through the open windows a snow-white dove flew in, and rested for a moment lightly on the bridal wreath. An omen of good, it appeared to Blanche.

"I shall be saved!" she cried. "I know I shall."

The clergyman was come; the marriage service had commenced—when, as the rector reached that part of the solemn injunction, "If any man can show just cause why this man and woman may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"I can show 'just cause,'" broke in a clear voice, that fell upon the astonished company with almost supernatural force. No one had marked the stranger enter. "Mr. Fenwick Wilesmont is now engaged to my sister, and I come from her sick bed, to which his treachery has brought her."

"You are aware," said the clergyman, "your charges must be sustained."

"I am quite prepared to sustain them," was the haughty rejoinder. "Having been in the practice of the law for ten years, I have some slight idea of how business is to be done, and I am aware of the very insecure position in which Mr. Wilesmont has placed himself."

The stranger paused, and drew from his breast-pocket some papers.

"Perhaps Mr. Wilesmont will recognize this handwriting. My family have seen enough of it in times past."

There were a great many virtues Mr. Wilesmont did not possess—among them was courage. He did not wait the investigation—perhaps he thought that rather shabby citadel, his character, would not stand a siege. He fled, and the house of Moorville saw him no more.

It is said we are inclined to love those whom we have benefited. It was doubtless owing to this fact that the young stranger, Earl Allyn, took so deep an interest in the fair Blanche. And now she learned what love really is. No feverish, fitful dream; no passing feeling, compounded of terror and fascination, but a sweet, calm frame of quiet happiness. That only deserves the name of love that develops our best faculties, that brings us as near to our ideal as mortality permits.

That person, and that alone, whose influence, like some spirit breeze, wafts our souls into some higher atmosphere of thought and feeling, is the person we love, however we may deceive ourselves.

True love elevates—not deteriorates.

As for Kate, that young lady professed a grievance, declaring there was no bad, but good, forthcoming for her.

But as she had up stairs, under lock and key, a certain photograph, with a ferocious style of army whiskers, she did not seem to be so badly off after all.

"OLD NORMAN."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Among the "peculiarities" of Western Virginia, I doubt not, many persons still remember "Old Norman," or Mr. Norman Roberts, properly speaking. He was an unhappy man. In his youth he had loved most tenderly a beautiful girl, who, finding that she loved some one else better, jilted him heartlessly. He never again held up his head manfully, and shunned society until a gradual estrangement placed him almost beyond the limits of civilization. I remember, when a wee "toddler," seeing a little log hut in the edge of a deep forest, where "Old Norman" lived like a squirrel upon nuts. About twice a week he would leave this little burrow and go into civilized regions, where he was always kindly treated, and sent away with a basket of provisions from any house to which he chose to go. Though universally known as crazy, no one feared him, and his oddities created a great deal of amusement, especially among the children.

One Christmas eve, a lady was making glad the hearts of her little ones by ornamenting some evergreen boughs, and had mounted a chair to hang a festoon over a picture of the Christ-child, when the sound of the opening door made her look round. The door was pushed ajar just far enough to admit the muzzle of a gun, and then the whole barrel slowly followed this ugly precedent. Pretty soon, while all stood in fear and wonder—Norman himself stepped in and took a seat unasked by the fire.

"Why, Norman, is that you? You frightened me," said the lady with a deep breath of relief.

"How d'ye?" was the sole response. And he sat still for a long time in silence, gazing into the fire. Soon the awe that had fallen over the children upon seeing the gun had passed away, and they clustered around him. One little girl about six years old clambered upon a stool behind him, and began to braid his long hair into innumerable little braids. The children often did this, and he never objected or took them out. They generally remained intact until he came again to have the same little fingers undo their work. Now the child became inquisitive.

"Norman, what's the reason you never got married?" she asked, peering round into his face with childish curiosity.

"Guess I was goin' to get married once."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Guess the girl she wouldn't have me."

"Why wouldn't the naughty girl have you?"

"'Cause somebody told a lie on me."

"What did they tell, Uncle Norman?" This was the little one's affectionate term for the poor, lonely old man.

"They said I had the sleepy 'ease, but I didn't have the sleepy 'ease, and no other kind of 'ease, I didn't so I didn't." And the large tears rolled slowly down his furrowed cheeks.

The great peculiarity of Old Norman's conversation was his monotonous, drawling tone. He always spoke in the same key, without varying his tone in the least. His ears were very large, and he could shake them like an animal. When invited to eat at a table, he always asked a blessing before commencing, then filled his plate with all he thought he might eat, and that was generally a generous supply. After finishing this he would take no more, and invariably ate all he took. For dessert, he swallowed a spoonful of clear oil, or gravy from fried bacon—never anything else.

Once a countryman was driving a cow away for sale, when he chanced to meet Norman in the middle of the road. He would never give way to anything if he could help it, and now the cow took fright and ran into the woods. The man shouted to him excitedly:

"Head that cow, Norman!"

"Guess she's got a head on."

"Turn her!" cried the man, almost frantic, as she plunged into the thicket.

"Guess she's right side out."

"Furies! *Speak* to her!" yelled the poor fellow in rage.

"Good-bye, cow!"—and he walked on with the utmost *sang froid*, leaving the owner of the cow to get her back into the road as best he could.

Some time after this, poor old Norman died. He had been a great favorite with the little ones; and when he was dead, they raised a little fund to bury him. At the funeral, a great many little ones, dressed all in white, with black badges, followed him to his quiet grave, made under a wide spreading tree near his humble hut. Among them were the little girls of the woman by whom his life was blighted, his reason shattered, and her tears fell with theirs, for maternal love had taught her to pity. Many a heart was heavy on that day, yet glad withal that the poor old lowly one was at rest.

B. Z. S.

Romance Among the Pines.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We had been on the march since early morning, and about four o'clock came to a wretched cabin in the clearing—looking like an intruder, as it was, and tenanted by beings hardly to be thought of in such a place even.

"Which way now, stranger?" as I gave the rein to my man Sam. "Guess ye are far from home," and a tall, lank specimen of humanity made himself visible.

"Can you tell us anything of Esquire Jones's saw-mill? I thought to find it in this direction, but perhaps I am out of the way."

"Reckon ye are, ye'll have to go back to the ford better than five miles from this;" and the man seated himself on a fallen log.

"Five miles, master," and Sam turned up the whites of his eyes. "I se awful hungry."

"Can you give us anything to eat? If we've missed our way we've also missed our dinner."

"I say, old woman, is there any corn bread left?" And there was a smothered conference with the old woman.

"Not a bite in the house, stranger; sorry, but you'll have to go on to Mistress Pool's, the first plantation after you cross the ford. If you hurry you'll get there before dark," and with this Sam pulled away at the horses who had slipped their bridles, and were busily cropping the short, crisp grass, and seemingly not at all anxious to resume their journey.

An hour's ride brought us to the ford, and another to the clearing; here was a log house, and real glass windows, with a veranda in front. Grouped around it were the negro cabins and the outhouses. The river wound through the valley, and the road (if only a bridle-path could be called a road), followed its sinuous course. Sam was the first one to notice the geraniums in the windows.

"I reckon there's somebody here—them jim-cracks don't grow of themselves."

I knocked at the door, and presently heard footsteps as though some one descending from above. The door opened, and a sweet-faced, sylph-like girl stood before me, surprised. My tongue was nearly paralyzed, and but for Sam perhaps I should have forgotten the question of the moment.

"We have lost our way, and have not rested since morning. Can you give us a night's lodging and something to eat?"

"I will ask Mrs. Pool. Walk in," and away she tripped, this little brown fairy in her coarse gray dress.

"Yes, tell Hannah to cook them some supper, and wait on them yourself. I don't like strangers to be meddlesome."

A fire of pine knots soon threw a bright light over the little room, and the genial heat acted as a soporific, and for the time I forgot the mill, the loss of our way, and only saw the quaint, little figure as she drew out the table and spread the clean white cloth. It quite surprised and touched me. I thought of my own little sisters, and contrasted the advantages they were blessed with, and wondered in my heart what this little wild-wood fairy would make if hedged about with other surroundings.

"Are you ready for supper?" And the voice was low and musical; I would speak to her.

"Have you always lived here?" I ventured to remark; "and can you tell me anything of Esquire Jones's mill?"

"I have not lived here always, neither have I seen the mill, though I think it is only a few miles from this, directly up the river." And her cheek flushed.

"You have not always lived here; from what part of the country, may I ask?"

"My parents were from Boston. My father a consumptive. When I was an infant they came to New Orleans, health greatly improved. Two years ago the doctor advised him to spend a summer in the pines, and—" The poor girl fairly broke down, while the tears were in my eyes, and I could hardly forgive myself that I had unwittingly given so much pain.

"And your mother?"

"She is here—but a cripple. The owner of the farm, Mrs. Pool, was from New England. My father had boarded with her, and since his death she has been very kind, though had my mother been able to travel we should have returned."

"Then at least you are a northerner?"

"A northerner by birth, a southerner by adoption; it is all my country."

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Pool came in. It was true Rachel Pool's home had been in New England; you could tell it in her every bearing, but why had she left her home and friends and drifted here on a farm of her own? And how she had grown old and hard. A rigid Presbyterian, kind, but undemonstrative; ruling her negroes with a strong hand. Managing her plantation with a man's ability and shrewdness; not cruel, but exacting. Proud of her crops. Complacently contrasting her own tidy appearance with the shiftlessness of her neighbors; trying to infuse her own vigor into her servants; going to church on Sunday, and hospitable to all. This was the whole of Rachel Pool's life. And we listened to her story with an outward complacency, strangely at variance with real feeling—but we saw no more of our little entertainer. "Her mother cannot live long. As soon as she's gone I shall send the girl North. She must not live here," to which observation I mentally assented.

Next morning and Sam was ready betimes. Ten o'clock found us at the mill, and domiciled at a large barn-like looking building called "the boarding house." After the first few days, looking about, and seeing that the foreman was quite well able to manage, and no doubt quite as reliable as I should be, I gave myself to the enjoyment of my gun and fishing tackle, drinking in health from the pines, and glorying in the perfect abandon, the wild, tameless freedom. More than once I found my way to Mrs. Pool's, while Sam had several times been the bearer of fish, game, &c., and of late it seemed to me the great brown eyes filled with a welcome light that thrilled my very being.

Thus the summer drifted away. My letters home were satisfactory, and not a little praise did I win for giving myself so completely to business. My father wrote in the happiest mood—and evidently his scapegrace son was quietly subsiding into the very niche he would have him fill, the daily routine of an active, business man.

One autumn afternoon Mrs. Barton seemed better, and I had now Mrs. Pool's consent for Annie to join me in a fishing party of two. It was a soft, warm day, when the laughing summer looked over her shoulder, and smiled all adown the stream. Annie was sitting on the bank, the sunshine lay around her warm, and still almost tangible. The landscape was drowned in a purple haze, while higher up the stream the negroes were chanting in their own peculiar vein, the huge pines falling before them, and like the sandal wood, giving out their fragrance at every blow of the axe.

It was very quiet and pleasant; and without knowing why Annie felt that her short life had never known any day so happy, and the common place remarks, the trivial nothings, how well I remember them; the silence that is dearer than words. We did not catch any fish that day; the fact was the fish wouldn't bite, and my rod hung dangling in the branches of a lofty pine, much to Sam's surprise, as I sent him to disentangle it.

"What's the matter wid massa—yah! yah! going home to-morrow, yah! Sam keeps his own counsel. Old massa nebber know." And the white teeth glistened.

I had taken my seat by the side of this shy, little fairy, while a glad future opened before me, I would make her life so happy—and mine would be complete. Strange, that in this out-of-the-way place I should find the very being I had so longed to see. Could I only have known it all of these years, that somebody was waiting for me—waiting to fill my heart with her presence, and crown my life with her love. "Let what will happen, you will trust me, Annie. And when I come back next summer, you will not refuse to return with me. How glad my mother and sisters will be to welcome my little wood dove." And her head was pillowed on my shoulder. Then suddenly thinking of what might be, for the election of President was to come off soon; and it was rumored that certain malcontents had sworn that such a candidate should never take the chair in peace.

"Why not go with me now, Annie? If anything should happen, it would make the earth very dark for both of us—would it not, darling?" While the brown eyes looked up trustingly. "Can you trust yourself with me?"

"I trust you; but I cannot leave my mother now."

"And will you trust me, whatever comes, my little spring blossom?"

"The earth would be dark to me, should I find you false."

"And you shall not find it so; by all my hopes of Heaven, I promise to return; and then your life shall be different from what it has been."

And thus we parted—the timid good-bye kiss warm on my lip, the sweet love of this artless girl thrilling my heart.

Back to my city home—and a warm welcome they gave me. I had grown so strong and manly, they said—had no idea there was so much virtue in the pines. Another summer and we would all go back. And thus they talked, while I could only think of the sweet vision of loveliness hedged in by circumstances, hidden from view in that old forest, blossoming for me alone; and inwardly contrasting the high-toned, graceful girl, with the butterflies of fashion that everywhere crossed my path; how superior, I mentally ejaculated, while my lady-friends cried out against my indifference. Certainly I was born for a bachelor. All this time I seldom heard from my blossom. Mails were rare in the pines; and few the wanderers to that region during the winter months. I must content myself with memory. We trusted in each other, and in God; we should meet again. Time passed, and treason shaped its course unchided. My father being a staunch Union man, had made himself obnoxious to the leading malcontents—and shortly before the roll of cannon at Sumter, had gone North, leaving me in charge of the family, and his legal representative. Perhaps it would be an easier matter to win over the son; and so many thought. Still I could not see why I should go with my state, if my state was wrong. It was not a state question with me, but country. In this my mother coincided; but my sisters, one of them married to a prominent leader of the times, the other engaged to one of like sentiment, could not so readily adopt our views. Many said "nothing will come of it, it is not so necessary to decide." While I thought often of my wild wood blossom—and comforted myself not a little, that the very isolation of the place would shut her out effectually from the excitement that everywhere prevailed; the news would not reach them so soon, and for once taking delight in the thought of her almost perfect isolation. The happy innocent heart! I had not counted the days that she would sit weaving the golden threads—living over and over the white days, as she was wont to call them, beset my hungry longing for something newer and better. The years had been so blank and bleak; would the next year be like the last? and the next? and the next? Who could tell? And thus did she dream, not doubting; and still at times a vague, uncertain feeling, as though such happiness could never be realized; and as the winds whistled through the pines, and the rains came plashing upon the ragged roof, would she turn from herself to the invalid mother, making for her a perpetual summer of sunshine and flowers.

"It is so strange that we do not hear from Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Pool, as Annie laid down her book from which she had been reading to the invalid.

"Did he say nothing of writing, Annie? you seemed to be on such good terms."

"It would hardly be expected, surrounded as he is by the beauty and fashion of city life. He said that he might return next summer." And she buried her head in her mother's pillow.

"I wish he would come sooner," said Mrs. Pool, "for John Bryant, the foreman at the mill, got a paper last week, saying that there was to be war between the North and the South. I cannot believe it. Why, it's all one family. Who are these southerners? Most of them are from the North. I tell you what—if there should be war, it will be no place for me here; I'll stay by the flag. My father and grandfather fought for it; I'll never desert it; though some of them's up to the mill saying, 'It's all right, the North has ruled us long enough.' Let them come here, I'll give 'em my mind." While the good woman knit away faster than ever. And Mrs. Barton asked if the spring had come—she so wanted the windows raised; and she could hear the mocking bird, while the breath of the pines should fill the room; it would make her better; the winter had been so long and dreary.

Three or four days after that, there was a mocking-bird at the window, and the breath of the pines swept through the room, while the sunlight flickered through the little muslin curtain. Annie turned to the bed, but the sleeper did not wake—she would never wake any more. And the flood of her grief spent itself silently. She was buried by the side of her husband. And the gentle girl turned her thoughts to the time when Richard would return; little dreaming of the great drama being enacted in the world of which she knew so little.

Winter had gone, and spring was deepening into summer. The country was in arms. My father was still in the North, and always was suspicion turned upon myself. Our house was divided. My mother wished to leave; the servants were disbanded, and I prepared, as quietly as possible, for a northern trip, but I must go by way of the pines. I could not leave my blossom there. The news could not have reached them, and of course they were spared the suffering incident to a more social position. At a point beyond, mother was to meet me. My sisters would remain; their lot was in the South; their home was there, their love given. I did not urge them; I knew their lives were blighted. Just as well to suffer in the South as linger in hopeless exile farther from the scene of action.

I had not heard from Annie, not heard from the mill, in some weeks. Still I didn't doubt but I should find them all the same. Such a far-away place, hardly a newspaper reached them, and ten chances to one, the men, with the exception of the foreman, did not know there was a question at stake, or who was the real President. Thus I reasoned, as I journeyed along, for Sam was his own man now, and the third day found me at Mrs. Pool's. The cabin door was closed, the geraniums in the window gone—still and dreary—it was so hard not to feel rebellious. What had become of them? Then to the mill—all were gone. The truth flashed over me—they had heard the news; the storm and confusion had frightened them; they had probably gone North—and there was a ray of comfort in that, only to be obscured with the next reflection. But how to discover them? Mrs. Pool was from New England, and Boston was a great place. There was no time to lose in idle grief. If I should reach the North, it would require all my tact. Already was I looked upon with suspicion, and a known Union man would meet with little mercy. I hurried on; my mother was in waiting; I had not told her of the why and wherefore of my journey to the pines. She thought it had to do with business, and did not question me. She had friends in Philadelphia, and fortunately funds enough to live on for a time; besides, it was possible my father might be there; he would make for that point. And, strange to say, his hand was the first to welcome. It happened well; I could not have borne up longer; the overstrung nerves relaxed—weeks of sickness followed, and in my ravings my mother learned the romance of the pines; and as the fever left me, and I lay so wan and helpless, it was a comfort as she talked to me so gently; and as I grew stronger, made me describe minutely the look of both Mrs. Pool and Annie.

I knew that Mrs. Barton was dead; I had read her name on the rude slab at the head of the grave. She had been dead two months when I was there. Restless and sad, I wandered up and down the street, hunting up something that I had thought was mine once, and I thought that I had found her. There were two—a middle-aged woman, with a sweet-faced girl, the same dark eye and pure brow, I felt sure of it. I followed them as fast as my strength would allow; they entered a small shop, and made a trifling purchase; they passed me at the door. It was not my blossom, and I staggered back to my room, strength gone and reason well nigh overthrown.

Next day I started for Boston. Her name was Barton, and her father was an artist. I should inquire—I should advertise. Three weeks elapsed. I was balancing the question whether to give it all up, when the door opened, and a tiny note, folded delicately, with my address;—"Miss Barton was at home, No. 206 ——— st."

With a feeling of sudden expectation, half saddened by a fear of mistake, I seized my hat. Miss Barton was at home—and there I felt inclined to leave her—tall, stiff, and stately, a very different being from my little wild flower. Sick at heart, and not caring where I wandered, I drifted back to Philadelphia. The impending storm grew thicker—clouds darkened—more men were called into the field. The sun of my life had gone out, the rust of inaction was growing over me. I joined the great Army of the Potomac—and between the marches, countermarches, drills, skirmishes, and real battles, I had small time for other thoughts. Still, memory was busy, and whether by the camp-fire, under the curtainless sky, or a sentinel pacing up and down my beat, I could not shut out the vision of that lovely child—friendless, perhaps destitute.

It was April. The wind and rain were battling for the supremacy. I had been suffering from a wound in the shoulder, not dangerous as painful. A furlough of forty days was granted. I was free to think, eat, sleep, and dream.

"What say you to a trip to New York?"—and Lieutenant L——— laid his hand upon my arm.

"I have no objection. One place is as good for me as another. My home is not here."

"One would not think so, at the way you have fought."

"My country is here—a home I may never have."

"Too sad altogether for a brave soldier. I see how it is; you are weak from your wound. A little fresh air and plenty of roast beef will soon set you up. I shall call for you in the morning. Don't disappoint me."

He was gone—the dark-haired, bright-eyed New Yorker, that had won more of my heart than any one else. I will go with him.

Three weeks we had been in New York. Once more I felt that the stirring life of the city was good for me. It stimulated and gave me a thousand interesting things to think about. Libraries were visited, picture galleries inspected, and often, as a feeble old woman and graceful girl tripped by, did I involuntarily start, and question myself—could it be them?

One morning I found myself with the lieutenant in the blue-room of one of the editorial corps. It was a quiet, cosy place; and while the two were conversing, I mechanically took up a sheet—on the first page a story; and as I read, a strange dreamy sensation stole over me. It sounded so natural, so real. It was as though some one had taken up the thread of my life, and woven it into a web of beauty. The tears came; I forgot where I was; the old home was before me, the soft airs, laden with scent of orange-blossoms. Then the sad, tender wail of the pines resounded in my ears—the music of a broken lutestring, an unforgotten voice, a breaking heart—waiting for something.

"It is so very like. Can it be?" I ejaculated.

"What is it, major?" and the editor turned blandly.

"I was reading a little sketch here by one of your lady contributors, I presume, 'A——B———.' Do you know her personally?"

"I have seen her, that is, she has been here several times; and she lives in New York."

"I presume so; I think she said something of being from New Orleans—but we have so many from the South now I can hardly remember—pleased with her writings I accept all she brings; she will be here again this evening."

"And what if you happen in at the same time, major," said Lieutenant L———, smiling.

"There will be no embarrassment in that," said the editor; "there's a chair and reading matter at your service."

Five o'clock came. The editor was unexpectedly called away. A slight, but firm step was on the stair, and a closely veiled lady stepped in.

"Is Mr. W——— engaged?"

"Mr. W——— was unexpectedly called away. He deputed me to transact any business for him during his absence."

It was as I thought. With a cry of joy her veil was brushed aside.

"Richard."

"Annie." My little wild flower was before me—in my arms. Words were wanting—we had none. And not until Lieutenant L——— returned with the editor did we feel the necessity of an explanation.

"We must be married this evening, Annie; I cannot lose you again."

While the two little hands lay trembling in my own. Mrs. Pool was dead. The poor little heart could not refuse. The editor and his wife stood by, while Lieutenant L——— gave away the bride. The rest of the furlough was passed in Philadelphia, where my parents were glad to welcome the sweet child wife, who had lived so few years, and known so much sorrow. Next week, and I shall go back again—we expect one more battle. My heart aches, but my honor is pledged. I will not desert the cause. While my little wild blossom prays for peace, and dreams at will of a home 'neath the orange groves, brighter and sweeter for this fearful baptism.

An Algerine Wedding.

Moorish ladies are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of some curious particulars by an English lady who was present at one of these marriages, the families on both sides being of the highest Moorish birth. The young lady was very lovely, and under the age I have mentioned above. The company of ladies (headed by her mother), amounting in all to upward of sixty, among whom were my informant and a few French ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and led her, a few hours after dark, to her future home, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom. The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper! The European ladies were served apart with coffee, cakes, and confectionery; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated in a circle on an immense low cushion, and on their knees a long napkin which extended round the whole party; in the centre was a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed one dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbor. The dishes succeeded one another to the number of more than twenty, when the whole was carried off, and at eleven a slight refreshment was taken to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing her commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friend's consisted in plaiting one of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each. Her face was then *enamelled*, and a star of gold-leaf fixed on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose. Rows of the finest pearls were hung round her neck, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her waist, and which were of the size of small nuts. Her dress was of cloth-of-silver, with the usual muslin trowsers, and a sort of crown of diamonds on her head. By two in the morning all was ready and the room prepared, when the finishing stroke was put to the whole by *gumming down her eyes*, which were not to be opened until the following morning, when she might see her husband, and not till then.

At two o'clock the slaves introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in pale gray silk profusely ornamented with silver and diamonds. He took his place under a canopy, to which the bride was also guided by her mother, and placed by his side. His mother then poured a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which the bridegroom drank; and then her mother poured also a few drops into his hand, and guided it to her daughter's mouth, and she drank it; upon which they were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself any where and every where—purity of soul, with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

☞ Gophers, black-birds, pigeon, and sand-hill cranes are contending for the possession of the corn crop in Scott and Wascca counties, Minnesota. But the grasshopper is the great plague in counties up the Minnesota. Farmers in La Crosse and Brown counties report they have eaten up everything green in many townships. In attempting to cross the river they become so thick on the surface of the water that a complete bridge has been formed.

☞ ARTILLERY NOT USED AT CRECY.—There is a long-standing historical error regarding the use of artillery at Crecy. Some have even gone so far as to present us with actual drawings of the very guns employed on that occasion. Artillery was not used at Crecy, and the only foundation for the misstatement, is a passage in the "Grandes Chroniques de France," which is the only book on the battle in which the faintest allusion is made to a cannon. There it is stated, indeed, that the English "*jetterent trois canons*;" and this has been taken to mean that they had artillery. The preceding sentence, however, explains the meaning of the sentence in a very different manner. We read that "the English threw so many arrows that they looked like flakes of drifting snow—*ils en jetterent trois canons*; they threw three quivers full of them, the word canon being generally used at the period for tube or quiver."

☞ PRETTY HARD.—A darkey who was drafted in Salem county, N. J., attempted, it is said, to commit suicide a few weeks since. He went in the evening to the railroad track, upon which he laid his head and waited the coming of the train. The locomotive struck him, but his head proved harder than iron, and resisted the shock, which merely broke his jaw and arm and flung him off the track.

☞ INSURANCE.—The following toast was recently pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. Perry, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

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HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

Is it possible that any soldier can be so foolish as to leave the city without a supply of "HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS?" Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cures for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Sores and Scurvy. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 15 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues unsettled and dull, and some 7,000 bbls Flour have been disposed of, part to the trade, at $5 87@6.25 for superfine, $6.25@7.37½ for extras, the latter for good fresh ground; $7@8 for low grade and good extra family, and $8@10 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with small sales of the former at about $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—There is more Wheat offering; some 20,000 bushels have been disposed of at $1 60@1,75 for good and prime reds; white ranges at $1.80@2. Rye Sales at 85@87c for old, and 80c for new. Corn.—About 24,000 bushels found buyers at 85@86c for prime yellow, afloat, and 90@91c for white. Oats.—Some 25,000 bushels sold at 65@73c.

PROVISIONS.—The market is moderately active. Mess Pork is selling at $26½@27, and Mess Beef at $16@18 for plain and extra Western. Bacon moves off as wanted at 22@23c for Hams, and 14c for Shoulders. Green Meats; sales of pickled Hams at 18@20c, and Shoulders in salt at 14½@14¾c. Lard is selling slowly at 17½@19½c for bbls and tcs, and 20@22c for kegs. Butter is in moderate request at 18@23c for fair to prime packed, and 28@32c for Goshen. Cheese is worth 14@15c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been excited, with sales of 800 bales at 45@50c, the latter for good middlings.

BARK.—The market is firm at $22½ for 1st No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX is worth 45@46c.

COAL.—There is more inquiry for the supply of the Eastern markets, ranging at $6@6,50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—The market is firm; sales of 2000 bags Laguayra at 29c, gold, and a few small lots Rio at 29@29½ gold.

FEATHERS are selling at 60c ₩ lb for good Western.

HAY is selling moderately at $30@32 ₩ ton.

HOPS.—Sales at 25@45c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—There is some little demand for Pig Metal; sales 100 tons, in lots, at $33@35 for Foundry, and $25@30 for Forge. Good No 1 is firm at the highest figure.

LUMBER.—The receipts and stocks continue light with sales of White Pine at $27@29; Yellow Pine at $25@29, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $[illegible] ₩ M.

OILS.—For Petroleum the demand is limited, and the sales small at 29@33c for crude; 52@62½ for refined, in bond, and 72@75c for Free Oil.

PLASTER is quoted at $3½@3¾ ₩ ton.

RICE is quiet; sales at 9¾@9¾c for Rangoon, and 10¾@10¾c for Carolina.

SEEDS.—Sales of Clover at $15@16, and Timothy at $3 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is worth $2,40 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are unchanged. Whiskey.—Sales of 600 bbls, in lots, at $2.08@2,15c.

SUGARS are firmer and more active. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba are reported at 11½@11¾c; 200 bbls sugar-house at 11½c, and 1300 bbls refined at 15½c for yellows, and 19c for hards.

TALLOW.—150,000 lbs rendered sold at 10½@11c.

WOOL.—The market is dull and drooping, the sales being small and only at from 55 to 70c for low and fine fleece, chiefly at 63@67c for new. Pub ranges at 65@70c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from $2,00 to $5,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 200 Hogs at from 9½ to 13 50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—600 head were disposed of at from 5½ to 6½c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $35 to 50 ₩ head.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. John Scull, Jr., to Miss Mary Vandiver, both of this city.

On the 16th of April, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., John A. Belding to Kate M. Davis, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. J. P. Cox, Mr. Henry W. Ayers, of Frankford, to Miss Jane L. Barnes, of Holmesburg, Pa.

On the 3d of May, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Emlen N. Wagner to Miss Mary M. Davis, both of this city

On the 29th of June, by the Rev S. A. K. Francis, Mr. Charles H. Lentz of Hestonville to Miss Mary A. Myers, daughter of Isaac Myers, of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. L. E. Albert, Mr. Henry S Ritter to Miss Anna M. Boileau, both of Germantown.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Richard Renshaw, Esq, in his 56th year.

On the 4th instant, Thomas S. Taylor, in his 63d year.

On the 4th instant, James Dunbar, Esq, in his 80th year.

On the 3d instant, Henry F. Wellens, in his 20th year.

On the 2d instant, John Story, in his 25th year.

On the 2d instant, James B. Farren, in his 73d year

On the 2d instant, John Baird, in his 54th year.

On the 1st instant, Mary B., wife of George W. Rice, aged 18 years.

On the 1st instant, John Simms, in his 78th year.

On the 9th of June, James S. Cromwell, in his 63d year

On the 20th of June, Samuel Megargee, in his 60th year.

On the 25th of June, Mrs. Elizabeth Jordan, in her 36th year

On the 4th instant, in this city, Charles Judd, late of Hartford, Conn., aged 51 years.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.

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SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

mar18-1y

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number of this Magazine opens with an engraving appropriate to the season, called "On the Cliff." It is a beautiful picture of two lovers enjoying the repose and freshness of the sea-shore—and makes one long for the dash of the breakers against the rocks, and the smell of the salt waves. The Double Fashion Plate for this month is quite brilliant. The other engravings are the "Bridge of Sighs," and the usual number devoted to new styles of dress, &c. We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR JULY.

STEEL PLATE.—On the Cliff.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Bridge of Sighs—Waist of White Cashmere, (back view)—Waist of White Cashmere, (front view) Trimming—The Watteau Coiffure, (front view), Senorita Jacket—Watteau Coiffure, (back view).
MUSIC—Tyrrell Gallop.
THE SILENT NUN. By Sophie May.
ONE IS MISSING. By E. Anor C. Donnelly.
STEPHEN COURTLAND'S PET. By Annie Russell.
SHOWERS. By Edwin R. Martin.
SWEET AGNES. By Miss Annie P. Kent.
PEGGY MARTIN'S STORY. By Emma M. Johnston.
TWILIGHT.
OUR CHILD. By Marcia Hope.
THE FOLLY. By Aunt Alice.
DARLING MINNIE. By Frances Henrietta Sheffield.
JOHN SMITH'S BROTHER. By Frances Lee.
BALLAD OF THE BOATS. By Julia.
WHY? Translated from the French by E. L.
WORN OUT. By H. S. Corey.
THE BATTLE FIELD. By M Florella Bigbee.
NOVELTIES FOR JULY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

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dec 17-tf

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14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
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SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

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Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending the difference in Cash.

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Lingers on every glossy wave and ripplet of her lovely hair.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS

For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*

They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one set (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.

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"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent*

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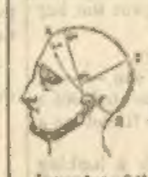

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzs, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

NO RECOGNITION!

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RECOGNIZE NORTHERNERS

whose heads of gray, yellow, white, brown, or red hair, have

SURRENDERED THEIR COLORS

under the wonder-working influence of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which plants permantly in their stead such blacks and browns as nature might mistake for her own.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy1-2teow

THE SUM OF DISEASE REDUCED.—By the operation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the *sum total of disease* is reduced, and their continued use, according to printed directions which accompany each box of new style, is certain to cure, in all cases where the life-principle is within their recuperative powers.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

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Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicine. jy1-4teow

USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for Fifty Cents—five for Two Dollars, by DAY & SON, ap1-13t New Haven, Conn.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3365, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. jy15-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Affectionate Son.

Old Billy Taylor, whose good stories and witty sayings will long be remembered by his acquaintances, used to relate the following:

When I was young, just admitted to the bar, I was appointed by the court to defend a man who had been indicted for the murder of his mother. Determined to make out of the matter as much reputation for myself as the case would admit of, I took the accused aside and told him it was necessary for me, as his counsel, to know the whole truth in reference to the charge against him. After assuring him that what he might say to me could not be used against him, I put the plain question—

"Did you kill your mother?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What made you do it?"

"Because," said he, "she was not worth wintering!"

An Odd Way of Doing Business.—The joke told of two simple-minded Dutchmen, who, in settling a matter of business, didn't know what to do with the receipt passed between them, but finally concluded that he who had received the money should keep it, in order to remind him that he had been paid, finds a counterpart in actual life among the nomadic Turkomans of Central Asia. Mr. Vambery, in his recently published work of travels in that region, relates that, being called upon to write notes passed between certain merchants and cattle-dealers, he was surprised to find that the debtor, instead of handing over his signature to his creditor, put it into his own pocket. When he questioned the creditor as to this remarkable manner of procedure, his answer was: "What have I to do with the writing? The debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of the debt." The simple-minded nomads! We fear if this custom were introduced here "the writing" in the debtor's possession would only serve to remind him to forget the debt!

Rather Cool.—An accident occurred on one of the English railroads recently, and several persons were killed. A young nobleman was seen running about in search of his valet, whom he feared was among the victims. Presently one of the guards came up and said to him: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Then," said the titled fop, with a regular Dundreary drawl, "he gwood enough to see in what half he has gwot the key of my carpet-bag."

A New Kind of Sculptor.—At the ——, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified looking individual to his friend as a sculptor.

"What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken."

"He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chiseled* a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

Knowing.—A thousand things are to be thought of in the judicious management of your book of friends and acquaintances. "Sir," said a man in Pall Mall to Walpole, who had ignored his salute; "sir, you knew me in Bath!" "Aye, sir," replied Walpole; "and when we are in Bath I shall be glad to know you again." Profound is the philosophical discrimination contained in this wise saw of the cream of fine gentlemen.

Western Eloquence.—The following specimen of western eloquence, which forms the closing paragraph of the inaugural address just delivered by the Mayor of Indianola, Iowa, we extract from an American paper:—"With these few derogatory remarks, gentlemen, I tender you my diabolical congratulations, and subside into a useful and union-loving citizen of this great and conglomerated republic."

A Ready Retort.—A clerical joke is told by a Boston paper, thus:—A tall clergyman, meeting a short brother from the rural district, saluted him: "Well, brother, we are glad to see you, though you are small of stature, like Zaccheus of old." "Thank you," replied the short minister, "we read that 'the Lord hath no pleasure in the *legs* of a man.'"

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, that one *square built* man has been known to fight twenty *rounds*.

TURPS VS. TURPITUDE.

The above represents a slight mistake made by Scumble's new charwoman, who, being "partial to her drops," thought she had a chance.

Tee Definition.—There lately resided in Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Lemon, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of *road making*, to be sure."

Sheltered Us!—What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bombshell?—One is heir to the throne, the other thrown to the air. The Prince himself, on hearing this, declared it to be simply a-bominable.

☞ Pity without relief is like mustard without beef.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Agricultural Amenity.

Why we, of the rural regions should indulge in asperities, tincture our communications with sneers, sarcasm, and all manner of epithets and ill-will towards those with whom we may happen to differ in opinion or practice, is a mystery as unreadable as the secrets of the potato disease.

We do practice these things, however, to a greater extent than any other class of men. Let anyone doubting the assertion, take two or three, or a half dozen of our agricultural journals, and go back carefully through their pages for six month's space, and honestly read the evidence. If he does not find "the proof positive, or presumption great," as my Lord Kenyon says, he is at liberty to enter us on the prejudiced list, and protest against the declaration.

A. being an energetic, progressive farmer, makes an experiment, which proving a success, for the benefit of the agricultural community he publishes his experiment in full. B. sees the statement, and being also an enterprizing farmer—always ready to accept improvements, follows A.'s "copy" to the letter, but under altogether different conditions, finds the experiment a total failure, and forthwith denounces A. as a humbug—an agricultural charlatan. A. retorts indignantly, intimating pretty plainly that B. is a dolt—an agricultural ignoramus. Partisans rally on either side, launching liar, fool, and all manner of ill-natured epithets, scarcely concealed by common courtesy, and the war goes on until the publisher, out of patience, quashes the ridiculous quarrel with a refusal to print.

Last year, we had from C. a prescription for killing lice on calves. C. declared that he had applied the remedy for five years, and it had never failed in a single instance. This year we have a communication from D., saying that he applied C.'s boasted remedy according to directions, and killed his calves instead of the lice. Then D. indignantly charges C. with being an imposture, and declares that he ought to be held responsible for the value of those defunct calves.

Now the possibility is that D.'s calves were so near dead when C.'s specific was applied that no remedy on earth could have saved them.

Everywhere, in all manner of Agricultural communications, we find that ill-natured spirit of intolerance cropping out in some form. Frequently enough we meet with agricultural communications bearing the seal of the writer's ambition to display his wit; while others seem equally ambitious of showing off their profound dullness. If we would all make the courteous good nature, and plain practical common sense of John Johnston, the model farmer of this country, our model in all agricultural discussions, we should greatly enhance the value of our communications and add immeasurably to the everyday interest of our agricultural journals.

Special Crops.

In the wide prairie fields of the West, or down in the Louisiana low-lands where the sugar-cane is the inevitable staple—where farmers count their acres by the hundreds, a specialty in crops may be in all instances the better policy. There may also occur in all parts of the country cases where by nature, a farm of one hundred acres or considerable less, is best adapted to the growth of some particular grain, grass, or the keeping of stock of some kind. In all such cases it were better to follow Nature and confine ourselves to speciality.

But as a general rule all over the United States, a diversity of crops will be the better economy. A man may, and in many thousands of instances does have a farm of fifty acres, ten of which are better suited to the growth of grass than anything else, ten may be best adapted to the cereal grains, fifteen to the various root-crops, and the balance to sheep or horned-cattle pasturage. Under such circumstances it would be sheer folly to put the whole surface into potatoes, wheat, or timothy year after year.

Besides looking to adaptation, and a maximum produce, it is a great saving of time and labor in carrying on a farm of varied soil to suit our crops to the natural conditions of the distinct portions, instead of forcing at unnecessary expense the condition of soil to the requirements of any special crop. Of course improving the quality of the soil is always an imperative necessity of better class farming everywhere, but the piling of a hundred dollars' worth of manure, with thirty worth of labor upon a field to secure a medium crop of *corn*, when the field would have given a maximum yield of hay without anything, is the throwing away of exactly a hundred and thirty dollars.

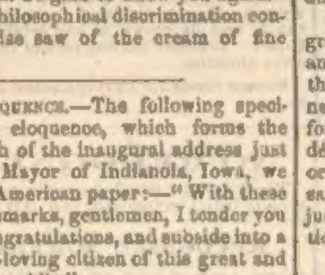
On the majority of our farms all over the country we may so diversify our crops, that there shall be a regular routine of labor from one to another throughout the entire season, so that no day or hour need be wasted. Whereas were we to make a specialty of any one thing, there would be hurry and extra expense incurred in getting in the crop with the necessary uniformity, idleness and time thrown away in waiting for the seasons of cultivation and harvesting, half the work half done, or quite out of time, then extra help and unnecessary outlay of money again in getting in the crop from the field, and after all in fully one half the instances the specialty crop has not paid in its gross returns nearly so much as a varied one would have done at two-thirds the expense of producing.

With a western squatter, whose *bean ideal* of luxury is hominy, hoe-cake, and pork grease, the economy of making a patch of corn a specialty year after year so long as he lives, may just pass out in the oak openings. Or with the itinerant farmer who ploughs somebody's else wornout land this year, and some other man's next year, never expecting to own an acre of his own, it is scarcely worth while to study requisites of crops or soil. But with every one who owns the land he cultivates, be it five acres—fifty, or five hundred, it becomes a matter of vital necessity that he should make himself acquainted with the various qualities and capacities of his soils in order that he may be able to adapt his crops to their proper requirements, and with the best possible results. Bad management in farming is a very wasteful way of expending time and money.

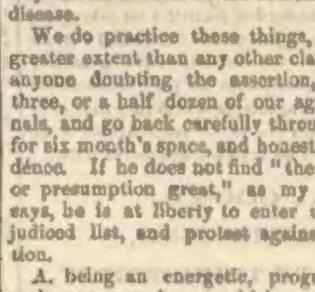
POULTRY HOUSES.

The design which is here given for a poultry house, differs very greatly from those usually adopted. It possesses, however, so many advantages that we are induced to recommend it to the consideration of our readers.

The house is octagonal, or eight-sided, that form being chosen as offering a greater internal space for the same extent of wall than the square form. The door, A, occupies one of the sides, two windows, B B, those immediately adjacent. The roof is supported by a central pillar, F, and, if desired, may have a lantern light at the top, and should always be furnished with louvre-boards or other openings for ventilation. The employment of a centre pillar is by far the best plan of supporting the roof, for if horizontal tie-beams are used the fowls will always perch on them. Round the seven sides of the



ELEVATION OF POULTRY-HOUSE.



PLAN OF POULTRY-HOUSE.

interior runs a broad stout shelf, c c, over which the two rows of perches, D D, are supported on inclined rests. Underneath, c c, is a narrower shelf for the nest-boxes, E E; or, if desired, moveable baskets or boxes can be placed on this shelf, or, if preferred, on the ground. If nest-boxes are used they should not be placed close together like the pigeon-holes in an escritoire, as when crowded in this way the hens often mistake one box for another, and when two fight for the same nest, evil generally comes to the eggs, and destruction to the possible chickens. Consequently detached nest-boxes are much to be preferred, as they can be taken out after hatching, and the fleas, which are very apt to harbor in them at that time in considerable numbers, got rid of.

The advantages of this arrangement of roosting-places and nest-boxes are obvious. The fowls, following the natural instinct which leads them to select the highest perches, roost over the shelf, and the nesting-boxes are undefiled. The dung on the shelf is in a position in which it can be easily cleared away with a flat hoe or scraper, and the shelf sanded daily. The floor is kept free from filth, and the house consequently always preserved clean and wholesome—a state of things that will strongly recommend the plan to all lady poultry keepers. The space under the nest-boxes will serve for the cooping of the hens with chickens, if no better situation offers, although a separate house for them is very desirable.

If extreme cheapness of construction be an object, the house may be built by driving eight poles into the ground at equal distances and closing in seven of the spaces between them with weather-boarding, leaving the eighth for the doorway. The form admits of easy ornamentation, and may be adapted to harmonize with almost any kind of building, whether in the rustic or more ornamental style.

A Child's Reproof.

A young mother, who, besides poverty and ill health, had a dear little babe added to her dependent group of three, was kindly assisted for a few weeks by her mother-in-law, an efficient Christian woman, but petulant. She had adopted the sentiment, getting to be too common in American homes, that children are not to be desired by the married. This view she was very apt to express when in a fretful mood. One day, domestic affairs had not gone to her mind, and the noisy mirth of the children annoyed her.

"If I had my way," said she to the sick mother, "there would be precious few children born; no family ought to have more than one, or two at the most!"

At this a precocious "chub" ceased block-playing on the carpet, and looking up at the speaker with wonderful gravity, said—

"I guess you are one of the children-hating Christians, ain't you?"

☞ If a man has a great idea of himself, it is certain to be the only great idea he ever will have.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Plague of Flies.

"Why, however in this world do you manage, Norah, to keep the flies out of your kitchen as you do?" inquired our lady neighbor, of our gem of a petticoat Patlander. "I declare now, it's too bad. There we are, only right down there at our house, so close by—fairly swarming—blinded, overrun with flies. And here you are, with not a half dozen of the nasty things about your kitchen. How do you keep them out, Norah?"

"Faix now, is it yersilf, Mrs. Oakland, that ud be after axin me that same quistion? Don't you see, ma'am, there's niver a drap or scrap av anything for the pesthein things til ate—niver a sup av grace or dirthy stuff fur the flies til sup about me kitchen, and so they kapes themselves out, and goes off til the place where they finds the filth an dirrut til walle in. That's jist the thruth av it, Mrs. Oakland."

Ay, that it is, Norah, just exactly the truth of it, and very plainly spoken too. But it was needed. The main source of our intolerable curse of flies everywhere is filth. Talk about fly-poison, fly-traps, fly-paper, and every other contrivance ingenuity can suggest to extirpate the plague—there, nonsense, the whole of it. Rooms packed with fly-traps, whole territories of fly-paper, and Atlantics of liquid poison avails nothing, with the kitchen a foul, greasy, hot-bed, and the stinking cesspools and filthy accumulations of the back yard continual breeding places for successive millions of flies.

If Mrs. Oakland, and several other ladies of my acquaintance, would spend but a quarter of the time in keeping their premises clean and tidy, that they do in dressing fashionably, they would not so frequently be driven abroad by their domestic fly pests, to the infinite annoyance of their neighbors.

There are several indoor domestic duties that I claim to be clever enough in the performance of, but no one need ever ask me for a recipe for killing flies. Norah and I understand perfectly how to keep our premises clear of the pests, and that answers our purpose.

Curing Garden Herbs.

I am glad the subject of curing herbs has occurred to me just here. It is time to begin about cutting and curing, and putting away for next winter and spring's use such seasoning and other herbs as—sage, rosemary, sweet-marjoram, thyme, parsely, savory, &c. All these ought to be cut just as they begin to come into bloom, thoroughly washed, sorted out into nice even little bundles an inch or so in diameter, tied securely, and then instead of being spread out in the sun to scorch and burn up, as is almost always the practice, hang them up in the garret, or under the rafters of some shed or out-house, and when thoroughly cured, pack each sort separately in tin cans having close fitting covers, and you will have herbs for winter use, infinitely better than you can ever buy them at the herb-stands, where you might purchase a dozen varieties, and governed only by the senses of smell and taste, you would be as likely to call them all tarragona or tansey, as anything else.

Succotash.

We do not make succotash now-a-days as we used to do when our mothers and grandmothers were the cooks, or as the civilized Indians of the present day make it. Ah, yes, there are a few of us who continue the practice. I am of the number, and I have never known a person who in eating a succotash dinner at our table, did not, before leaving the dish, pronounce it capital. The season is at hand, and I am of the opinion that so many as will manufacture a dish of the material as per directions, will vote unanimously with my succotash friends.

For a supply for six persons, I take a dozen fair sized ears of green corn, one quart of any of the kinds of shelled beans, other than lima—I don't like lima beans for succotash. They are too big and buttery. I prefer the case-knife, or kidney beans for the dish. And a pound and a half of fat, salt pork.

First, I parboil the pork twenty minutes, then cut it into three equal parts, put it into fresh water, and set it to boiling again at the very least two hours before the hour for serving dinner. Having thus disposed of the pork, cut the corn clean from the cobs and put it in to cook with the pork and beans as soon after you have got that material to boiling as you conveniently can. Keep up the fire, drop in a lump of good, sweet butter, say two ounces, turn in a pint of new milk, season with pepper, stir up the succotash for a minute or so with the stout, kitchen spoon, and it is ready to serve up.

Congress Salad.

One day at a chowder party on Nantasket Beach in Massachusetts, I took such material as we had, or could get, and improvised a salad—the grains from two ears of green corn boiled and mashed on a flat stone; half a dozen scarlet radishes whittled into thin shavings; a handful of wild sorrel (*Rumex Acetosa;*) the liquor from four great live clams; a gill of vinegar; and mustard, curry, pepper *ad libitum*.

There were four live Congressmen of the party—among them the Sage of Marshfield, who flattered me by pronouncing the mixture the best made up dish he ever tasted, and christened it *Congress Salad*.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 14, 57, 34, 50, 51, 19, 2, 23, 29, 47, 12, 9, 1, 7, 5, was a Landgravine of Hesse Darmstadt.

My 18, 0, 54, 12, 51, 16, 18, 24, 33, 15, 3, was a Duchess of Parma.

My 6, 31, 8, 46, 54, 33, 30, 9, 44, was an English lord.

My 13, 25, 30, 54, 13, 14, 9, 25, 37, was a name well known to science.

My 42, 28, 11, 25, 6, 51, 27, 12, 26, was an English duke.

My 16, 46, 33, 47, 4, 38, 42, 43, was an English earl.

My 30, 6, 58, 13, 12, 51, 14, 21, was an English earl.

My 40, 53, 13, 34, 20, 9, 10, 10, was a European duke.

My 11, 41, 13, 14, 48, 6, 17, was a king of Wurtemburg.

My 33, 9, 46, 3, 47, 49, 31, was a prominent English artist.

My 55, 56, 9, 17, 51, 57, 44, was a celebrated English poet.

My 46, 13, 14, 16, 51, was a Vice President of the United States.

My 59, 9, 33, 42, 3, 47, was a name well known to science.

My 13, 3, 5, 25, 28, was a noted English artist.

My 45, 6, 45, 39, 51, was a merchant "prince" of England.

My 51, 22, 3, 31, 5, was a distinguished English explorer.

My 4, 35, 3, 32, was a celebrated English artist.

My whole was an event which caused universal regret. GAHMEW.

Tallahoma, Tenn.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 1st is in hot, but not in cold
My 2d is in bought, but not in sold.
My 3d is in fire, but not in hot.
My 4th is in battle, but not in fought.
My 5th is in take, but not in give.
My 6th is in die, but not in live.
My 7th is in you, but not in me.
My 8th is in sum, but not in fee.
My 9th is in fight, but not in win.
My 10th is in wrong, but not in sin.
My 11th is in brick but not in wall.
My 12th is in fell, but not in fall.
My 13th is in near, but not in far.
My 14th is in wound, but not in scar.
My whole should be taken by all.

MAUD.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of four syllables, consisting of 8 letters.
My first expresses an association.
My second is a large chimney.
My third belongs to traffic.
My 5th, 6th, and 8th letters make a *Fairy* Queen.
My 6th, 2d, 7th, 3d, show effervescence.
My 7th, 2d, 4th, represent a note of indebtedness.
My 5th, 8th, 1st, make a prefix to a surname.
My 1st, 2d, 5th, 6th, is used for the hair.
My whole is a river, a Southern city, and a splendid country. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

There is a hollow prolate spheroid whose axes are as 3 is to 5, which holds 4 gallons, ale measure, and whose outside covering is lead, 1-16th of an inch in thickness. Supposing this lead to be melted, and made to a solid sphere, what would its diameter be, allowing no waste?

REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The length of the ordinates let fall from the vertices of two conjugate diameters on the major axis of an ellipse, is respectfully 3 and 4 feet. The area of the parallelogram formed by tangents through the vertices of the two conjugate diameters is 151.25 square feet. Required the area of the ellipse, and also of the space included between the circumferences of two circles described on the major and minor axes.

Woodsfield, O. CHAL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which, on the face of the earth, is the best place for a sleeping infant? Ans.—The Rocky Mountains.

☞ When is a hen most likely to hatch? Ans.—When she is in earnest (her nest.)

☞ What is a man like in the midst of a desert without meat or drink? Ans.—Like to be starved.

☞ Why is a sea-sick man on his way to England like Whittier? Ans.—He is a "contributor to the Atlantic."

☞ Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Ans.—Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves.

Answers to Last.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Human Physiology and Health. ENIGMA—"Thou shalt not steal." RIDDLE—Peace. RIDDLE—Madam, (Adam, dam, sam.) CHARADE—Adeline, (Add, E, line.)

Answer to Walter Siverly's PROBLEM, published May 6th:—A point in the periphery of the ellipse 80 inches from the centre of the small sphere, and 75 from the centre of the large sphere.—J. N. Soders.

Answer to Gill Bates's, May 13th:—8,000 miles.—J. N. Soders and Morgan Stevens.

To Morgan Stevens', same date:—86.7879 gallons.—Gill Bates and J. N. Soders.

To D. Diefenbach's, same date:—Price of fifth horse, $80; gain, $13.94. Would have gained on the whole, $147.228.—J. N. Soders. The author gives gain on whole, $147.36¼. Also answered by Morgan Stevens.